HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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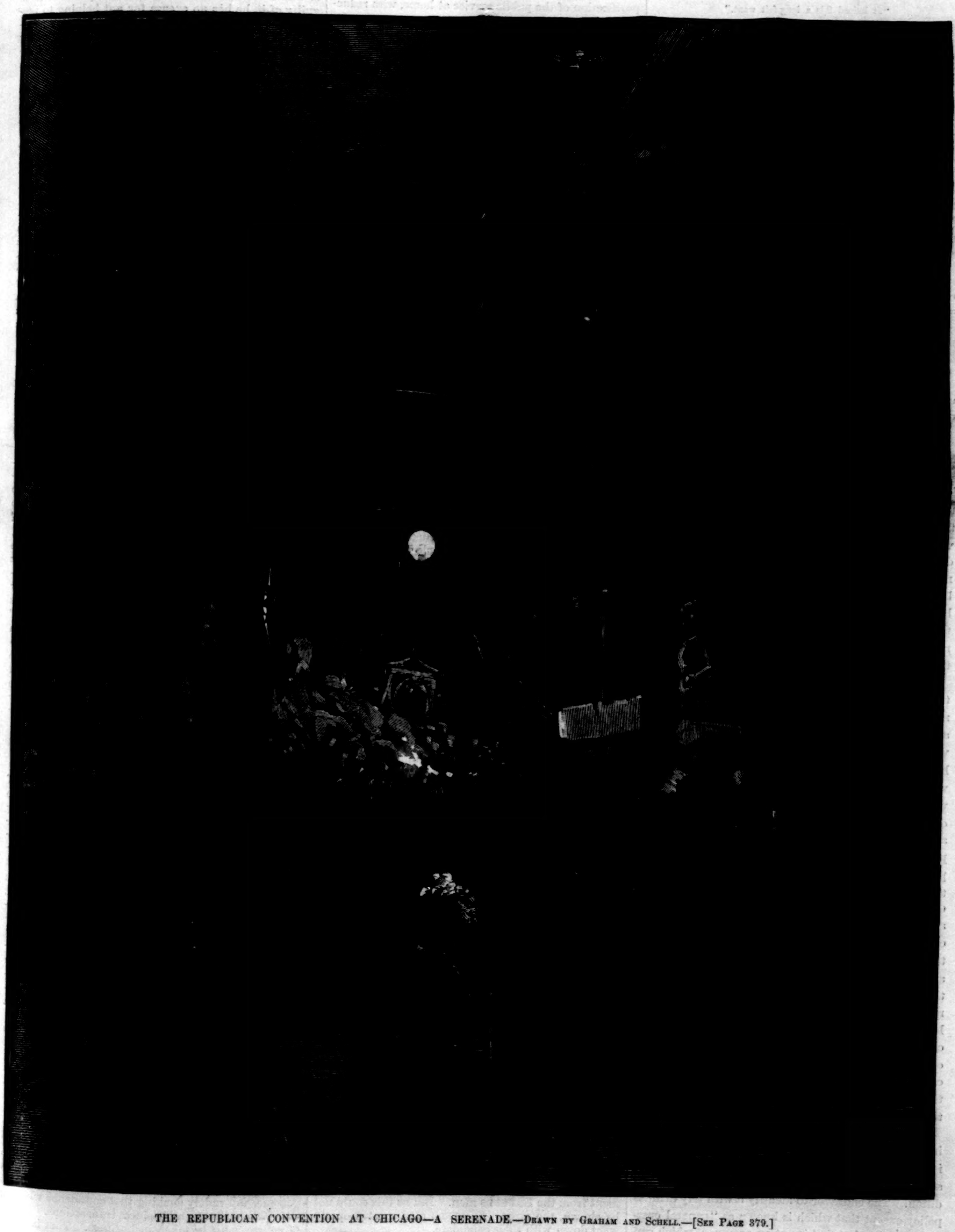

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—A SERENADE.—Drawn by Graham and Schell.—[See Page 379.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, *and* HARPER'S BAZAR *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders immediately. It is* MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY,

Published June 10, contains, in the way of entertaining fiction for little folk, "A Great Mystery," by F. B. STANFORD, *Chapter VI. of the serial story "Left Behind," Part III. of "Our Little Dunce," by* LUCY C. LILLIE, *and "Mr. Thompson and the Squirrels," a humorous sketch by* ALLAN FORMAN.

An interesting, instructive article, entitled "Incidents of Indian History," is contributed by F. S. DRAKE, *and* JOEL BENTON *gives an entertaining account of the annual event of farm life, so popular with the boys, "Washing the Sheep." There is a poem by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER, *called "The Stranger's Kiss," and an amusing rhyme, entitled "A Fantasy," by* EVA CARSON LOVETT.

Among the artists represented are CULMER BARNES, JESSIE MCDERMOTT, *and* JESSIE SHEPHERD. *There is an admirable full-page by* JAMES E. KELLY, *and one by* T. DE THULSTRUP *illustrating "The Columbia Institute Drill," an entertainment recently given by the pupils of that school at the armory of the Seventy-first regiment.*

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A NEW SERIAL STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

A charming serial story, with illustrations, entitled

"MISS TOMMY, A MEDIÆVAL ROMANCE,"

will be begun in the number of HARPER'S BAZAR *published June* 27.

THE REPUBLICAN NOMINATION.

THE nomination of Mr. BLAINE does not change the views of its inexpediency that we have freely expressed. HARPER'S WEEKLY has said nothing upon this subject without careful consideration, and the fact of the nomination does not change its conviction that the Republican campaign with the candidacy of Mr. BLAINE must be a prolonged explanation and defense. The campaign of this year will be one in which the personality of candidates will be more vigorously scrutinized than ever, because there is no great supreme issue of national peril or national policy which will engross the attention of the people, and this scrutiny invites defeat.

Under such circumstances, when a party appeals to the country for a vote of confidence, it will naturally be judged by the representative whom it deliberately selects. To him the country will turn to see what the party honors, and what qualifications it holds to be essential for the highest trust. It would, we think, have been possible to name a candidate whose nomination, with the present feeling of the country, would have been equivalent to an election, a candidate who would have aroused all the old Republican enthusiasm by appealing to the desire of pure and progressive politics, which was the animating principle of the other Republican campaigns. Originally the Republican party was a reform party, and having achieved the greatest of reforms in emancipation and in an amended Constitution, freed of all taint of slavery, it is strongest when its young and ardent workers, the real "workers" of a party, feel that it is still essentially a progressive and aggressive reform organization, and when they know that it is led in a Presidential year by a candidate who is in character and career a true and fitting representative of political progress and reform. The fact that a candidate is selected who is not such a representative properly alarms them and shakes their faith in the party.

It is true that the Republican party is always strong in the weakness of the Democratic opposition; but that is a negative strength. The Democratic party really stands for nothing but opposition and a repulsive tradition. The endeavor to identify it with any definite policy except that which is known as "general cussedness" fails; but that is not an argument which can elect a President. The nomination of Mr. BLAINE—although it is doubtless agreeable to the majority of the party, as shown at Chicago, because a large part of the apparent opposition, as in the Indiana and Illinois, and even in the Ohio delegation, was friendly to his nomination—ought to alarm honest Republicans as showing how dangerously far the Republican standard has fallen. The nominations at Chicago, made against the most friendly Republican remonstrance, have forced upon Republicans the conviction that the great objects of the Republican party—honest and economical administration, peaceful and honorable foreign relations, the progressive purification of the public service at home, wise reduction of the revenue, and that sense of general security which springs from the moral elevation of the administration—are not to be expected from Republican success. To this statement it is no reply that less is to be expected from the Democrats. Those who have aroused the deep and general protest of the Republican conscience must bear the responsibility of the result. Fidelity to Republican principle requires indifference to present Republican success, and HARPER'S WEEKLY, which more than once has not hesitated in the interest of public morality and of party purification to oppose other Republican nominations, can not sustain the significant one against which it has so earnestly protested, and which is a practical abdication of Republican character and purpose. The sad and kindly face of LINCOLN, whose portrait hung in the hall, seemed to watch the proceedings of the Convention with an air of earnest solicitude and apprehension; and it had disappeared from its place before the nomination was made.

THE PRESIDENT IN THE CONVENTION.

THE friends of Mr. ARTHUR are greatly in error in attributing to the Independent Republicans the defeat of the nomination of the President. His nomination was impossible by any combination that could have been attempted. The Convention was essentially a BLAINE Convention. From the first there were enough BLAINE votes to nominate him whenever they should be unmasked, and they would have been unmasked whenever it was necessary. The vote upon the temporary chairmanship was deceptive, because the votes were not cast upon a simple issue of BLAINE and anti-BLAINE, but with reference to projected combinations and for other reasons. Thus Illinois, which held in leash a large BLAINE vote, threw several votes for Mr. LYNCH. This was for a twofold purpose. It was a LOGAN delegation, and it cast the vote of its leaders for Mr. LYNCH, because General LOGAN was especially the candidate of the colored men, and because it was well to show to the BLAINE leaders that the vote of Illinois was important. Ohio and Indiana pursued a similar course.

The "field" was composed of the ARTHUR column and all others, of which the EDMUNDS men were much the most solid and important force. The ARTHUR men made two mistakes. They insisted that, having the largest number of votes, the combination ought to be formed upon ARTHUR, which was impossible; and secondly, they did not see that the only combination which had any chance of success was the introduction of a fresh candidate who might sweep the Convention, and that they must lead the movement toward such a candidate, because the ARTHUR States came in the roll-call before those of any other of the field. Now as to the combination upon ARTHUR: it was impossible to transfer the whole EDMUNDS vote, which was a perfectly independent force. It would have broken to pieces in the effort. But even had it been possible, it could not have nominated ARTHUR, because the masked BLAINE vote in Illinois and Ohio would instantly have gone to BLAINE, and have nominated him.

On the first ballot the ARTHUR vote was 278, and the rest of the field was 205. This, of course, if united, would have been a great majority. But 93 of this vote was a masked BLAINE vote, and the remaining 112 would have given Mr. ARTHUR in all only 390 of the necessary 411. There was from the first no chance to defeat the BLAINE vote except by a candidate, if such a candidate could be found, who would take the whole field, and crumble the BLAINE force. But every well-informed member of the Convention knew that the chance of such a sweep was very small, and that the first sign of a change of position would have precipitated the BLAINE nomination. Had the ARTHUR men been able to show at any moment the possibility of the President's nomination, they would have had the aid of a strong re-enforcement from the EDMUNDS men. But as this could not be shown, the strong EDMUNDS men most properly went down with their candidate.

"DEAD-HEADS."

THE legislation in several States which seeks to prohibit free passes upon railroads to members of the Legislature is an emphatic recognition of the fact that all such favors are forms of bribery. The principle is clear that corporations which derive all their franchises from law should not be allowed to bestow gifts upon the law-makers or judges. Self-respect and a sense of official responsibility undoubtedly lead to many refusals of such petty bribery. But there are persons whose sense of duty is not acute, and who need the aid of law. The argument of contempt in the matter does not avail. A man may ask loftily whether it is thought that he would sell his good name for the price of a railroad ticket. The answer is that if he knows the wrong so truly as not to be guilty of it, he has no excuse for not helping to prevent it in the case of actual offenders. If many members of a Legislature would not be guilty, many would be guilty. And if the pecuniary value of the gift be so petty, why should any honorable man wish to insist upon receiving it?

The art of the lobby is to create a sense of obligation where a direct bargain is impracticable. It was part of the game of the old slave-holding interest in Congress to flatter the doubtful Northern members, and to bewilder them with social blandishments, so that a vote in the House against his hospitable and friendly and plausible host seemed to such a member a kind of bad faith. He was caught in a fine and invisible but very tenacious net very dexterously thrown. The great corporation takes in a Legislature the attitude of the slave power in Congress. It gives a free pass, a pleasant dinner, a charming supper; it has convenient wines and cigars and various entertainment, and when the agent asks for a mere aye or no upon a simple little bill, can it be courteously refused? Or suppose a judge is brought to the capital upon a free pass in a palace car, and his comfortable rooms at the hotel are paid for, and his carriages and all his little expenses are adroitly paid; when the case of his munificent friend comes up in court, is the judge's mind quite in a judicial frame? Is it said indignantly that such payment would be equivalent to corrupting the bench? Softly, softly; if a judge may rightfully receive from a corporation a free seat in a car, why not a free room in a hotel? why not a free drive in a carriage? It is not the aggregate of bribes that makes corruption, it is the bribery.

The principle is the same in the case of "dead-heads" at amusements. If a man accepts a comfortable seat in the theatre from the manager because he is known to be a writer for the press, is he likely to be quite uninfluenced in his expression of opinion? If the public knows that he enters the theatre by favor, is it likely to heed his comments? There was a time when such comments were laughed at, because it was known that they were a consideration for the advertisement of the theatre. Great journals now pay their own way. They know that the only judgments worthy of attention are those of live-heads, not of dead-heads. And it is equally true of judgments from the bench as from the press, of the vote of the legislator as of the word of the critic. The contemptible bribery of "dead-heading" by free passes of every kind ought to be suppressed by the force of respectable opinion. But at a time when the sense of pecuniary morality is so relaxed, a reasonable and stringent law upon the subject would be very efficacious.

GREAT ROBBERS AND LITTLE THIEVES.

THE arrest of JAMES D. FISH, the late president of the Marine Bank, and FERDINAND WARD, and the warrant to arrest JOHN C. ENO, have, so far as they go, satisfied the instinctive sense of justice. If poor and ignorant and wretched people who steal a loaf or a coat or a purse are to be punished, as they certainly should be punished, there is no reason why intelligent and prosperous men who cheat others of enormous sums should not also suffer punishment. The most startling aspect of such events as the recent disclosures in the cases of the men arrested is not the terrible blow to the innocent victims, it is a disposition in some quarters to condone such offenses as the unlucky chances of speculation, and to feel that a man who deals with millions of dollars and ruins hundreds of people at a stroke is in some way a more respectable person than a sidewalk confidence man or a pickpocket.

The saying that money is the root of all evil springs from the perception not only that the greed of gold leads to all kinds of crimes and wrongs, but that it demoralizes the view of right and wrong in a community. An illustration of this demoralization is the practice of overcertification of checks, which had become a matter of course. It was known to the directors of banks, who are among the most intelligent and excellent citizens, and they permitted it in their banks. But the practice, as we have shown, was the plainest and most flagrant violation of a solemn trust—a trust involving the welfare of crowds of innocent persons, and rudely shaking that confidence which is the vital element in all business transactions. Risks, of course, must be taken in business. That is a truism. But because risks must be taken, is a man justified in putting the money of a ward, or, if he be a bank director, of a depositor, into a lottery? The law expressly prescribes the methods in which trust funds may be invested, and to an honorable director all bank deposits should be morally trust funds.

The tricks and devices of business are such, and the law so wisely seeks to make every man look out for himself in business, that it is not easy to assume the conviction and punishment of any particular offender. Yet if some of the offenses are true which are charged in the newspapers upon some of the men who have been arrested, their guilt is as undeniable as if the had taken packages of bills and bags of coin from the bank vaults and escaped with them. Thieves and swindlers of every degree must be punished, but those of high degree will not be punished until the various practices which have been disclosed by the late events in and around Wall Street are sincerely held to be as dishonorable and criminal as burglary or highway robbery.

A BARREN RECORD.

IT is a formidable pile, that of the *Congressional Record*, from the opening of the present session of Congress to date. A Sunday newspaper sometimes tells us that its sextuple issue, or however huge the form may be, contains as many words as Shakespeare, or the Old Testament, or some other immortal work, and all for two or three cents. But what a mausoleum of eloquence and research is the pile of the *Record!* There is undoubtedly in every number a great deal of valuable information, which is buried there forever. But the most depressing consideration concerning the pile is that it is a record of national legislation, and that it shows how many necessary measures which members of Congress and the country know ought to have been passed have been totally neglected. The pile of the *Record*, therefore, is not a monument of wise and valuable laws. It is in great part a record of mere talk, a cave of the winds.

Ever since the exciting winter of 1876, when the result of the Presidential election was in abeyance, one of the most obviously necessary laws which the peace of the country requires has been a law regulating the Congressional count of the electoral vote. The first alarming Presidential election was that of 1800. The question was decided in February, 1801, by the seating of JEFFERSON; and as the danger of the existing system of election had been revealed by the circumstances of the election, Congress in the session of 1803, within three years after the trouble, amended the Constitution, and—the country ratifying the amendment—that difficulty was settled. But eight years after the threatening trouble of 1876 nothing has been done, and although the very same emergency may arise in the Presidential election of this year as in 1876, Congress will doubtless adjourn without any decisive action whatever.

This delay and neglect are not due to any fault of the Republican party. Senator MORTON urged the matter strenuously nine years ago in an admirable report and speeches, and Senator EDMUNDS's bill regulating the count is so satisfactory and fair that it passed the Senate last year, and again passed unanimously in the earlier part of the present session. But the Democratic party in the House, with that fatal folly which so often leads it to obstruct really useful and necessary legislation, has suffered the bill to lie untouched, and Mr. EATON, of Connecticut, one of the "war-horses" of his party, has offered a scheme of his own, which leads to indefinite delay, and unless promptly set aside by the Democratic majority will practically defeat the Senate bill, which is the probable purpose of the EATON proposition.

OCEAN RACING.

THE following paragraph was lately published:

> "Three of the leading Liverpool steamers, the *Aurania* of the Cunard Line, the *Austral* of the Anchor Line, and the *Arizona* of the Guion Line, arrived off Sandy Hook between seven and ten o'clock last evening. They all left Queenstown on Sunday last. It was fully understood by every one interested in such matters that the vessels would be pushed to their best speed, and wagers have been made on the result, the odds being slightly in favor of the *Austral*. According to dispatches, the *Austral* left her pier at Queenstown at nine o'clock on Sunday morning of last week, and eight minutes later the *Arizona* started in pursuit. The *Aurania* had to wait for the afternoon mails from London, and did not get away until about four o'clock in the afternoon."

It was further announced that "the respective logs of the three famous ocean steamers" showed that the *Aurania's* time was 7 days, 11 hours, and 11 minutes; that of the *Arizona* 7 days, 14 hours, and 54 minutes; and of the *Austral* 7 days, 16 hours, and 30 minutes.

The spirit of these statements will doubtless be recalled when some mysterious disappearance or disastrous collision or wreck of an ocean steamer is reported, and there are multitudes of travellers now who avoid the steamers famous for speed, not because they are fast, but because the effort to maintain a reputation for speed inevitably breeds a kind of recklessness—or enthusiasm, if the word is preferred—which is not the genius of safety. When it is understood that an ocean passage in one steamer is an ocean race with another, the traveller who is unwilling to take a very serious risk in order to arrive a day or two earlier will prefer not to take a racing steamer.

We have no intention of doing injustice to the companies or to the captains. Undoubtedly the regulations of the companies are excellent, and there is no finer body of seamen than the captains of the ocean steamers that sail from New York. But a race is a race. If the captain and crew and passengers upon a steamer know that great expectations are entertained of her, that heavy bets have been laid upon her time, that she is competing with another ship, and that the press will widely trumpet her victory or defeat, then captain, crew, and passengers are generally willing to take a little risk, to "strain a point," to "cut close"—for who wishes to be beaten? Human nature is human nature, and a race is a race. Still, the louder the trumpeting of the race, the greater the excitement; the more remarkable the record to be maintained or surpassed, the more hazardous will the passage seem to be.

A GOOD SIGN OF THE TIMES.

WHOEVER knows the dastardly tricks of the publishers of indecent books and papers to thrust them secretly into schools and among young people everywhere will hear with satisfaction of a bill which passed the late New York Legislature, and was left for the consideration of the Governor. It was drawn by Mr. JOHN B. PINE, counsel of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and its purpose is to make it a misdemeanor to sell, give, show, or offer for sale "to any minor child any book, pamphlet, magazine, newspaper, or other printed paper devoted to the publication, or principally made up of, criminal news, police reports, or accounts of criminal deeds, or pictures and stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust, or crime." Other sections of the bill make it a similar offense to exhibit such things publicly to minors, or to hire the children to peddle them.

The law must consider the fact—and it is a very dismal fact—that the education which the public properly gives to every child as a defense of the order and stability of the commonwealth is sought to be perverted into a means of popular degradation and demoralization. There are manuals and text-books of crime offered at the smallest price to the street Arabs, who need no special inducement to become Ishmaelites amid civilization and morality, and it is most fortunate for the general well-being that there are citizens who will serve as sentinels and minute-men against these insidious attacks.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, like the BERGH society for the protection of animals, seemed to many persons to be a little fanciful or impertinent. But they have both been of the greatest service. They have diminished cruelty and suffering, and that is a proud achievement for any man or society. There is no surer proof of a steadily progressive civilization than the disposition to care for the generally unobserved details of conduct which greatly involve human happiness. The sure signs of advancing humanity in this city, for instance, are not to be found in Wall Street and among the warehouses and wharves, but in the Children's Aid Society, in the charity organization, in the societies to protect children and animals, and in similar enterprises of every kind. The counterpart of HERVEY's *Memoirs of the Court of George the Second* is LECKY's account of the London jails. It is happy for New York that its most humane efforts are sustained by many of its most refined and prosperous citizens.

A CHRISTIAN WORK.

THE season of furnace-like heat within the brick walls of New York's tenement districts will soon be at hand. One of the results of its coming will be a great increase of the death-rate in the city. Statistics show that the greater part of this increase comes from the mortality among children in the tenements. For the want of wholesome air to breathe, hundreds of children must die in New York before cool weather comes again. This annual sacrifice has attracted the attention of benevolent persons, and there are several plans in successful operation for lessening the number of victims. One of the most successful works of this kind is carried on with the *Tribune* Fresh-air Fund. Within a few years it has grown to large proportions. The plan is to take poor children from their city homes and give them two weeks of fresh air and country living at farmhouses. Concerning the work of the present season, Mr. WILLARD PARSONS, the manager, says that money sufficient for all needs will be contributed freely, and he asks that committees be formed in towns within a day's journey of this city to canvass the community, and send to him the names of all who are willing to give shelter and food for two weeks to some poor child. "Every possible precaution," he says, "will be taken to send only children whose need is unmistakable. They are selected by active Christian workers among the poor, chiefly from mission Sunday-schools, and always from a personal knowledge of the needs and condition of the family."

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

THE organ-grinders of New York and Brooklyn are becoming more of a nuisance every year. The ordinance which prohibits them from playing from sundown until after nine o'clock in the morning is constantly violated without hinderance by the police, and the right of a householder to order them away from his premises is of no value so long as the disturber of the peace can step in front of the neighbor's house and continue to murder music and quiet at the same time. The agony endured from this source by sensitive persons and invalids can not be described.

It has become a serious question whether more stringent measures should not be taken to rid our streets of these wandering troubadours. Why should any one be compelled to listen against his will to a harsh and soul-aggravating discord of sounds at his own door-step, because some fellow chooses to go round with an organ on his back instead of doing some useful kind of work? There is a law in England, to which we recently made reference, which enables householders to order organ-grinders out of hearing. Were a similar enactment in force here, the outraged householder, instead of meekly submitting to blackmail for the sake of peace and quiet, could banish these perambulating nuisances from block to block, until they were cast out of the city.

PERSONAL.

THE London *Athenæum* says of Mr. ABBEY's picture in the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-Color: "The 'Bible Reading' (1018) of Mr. E. A. ABBEY, the accomplished New York artist and draughtsman on wood, is a piece of intense but not exaggerated melodrama. It shows an earnest Puritan preacher standing at a table while addressing a party of women, whose very hearts he seems to have touched. Their varied expressions attest the working of their minds, from the bitter old woman who glares at her neighbor, and the terror-stricken child in her sister's lap, to the tall, fair maiden who sits spell-bound, so to say, with her fingers forcibly knit together in her lap. The chiar-oscuro, as might be expected from an able designer for wood-cutting, is excellent."

—Mr. OSCAR WILDE's marriage ends peacefully a long and successful career of æsthetic shamming. No man who has met OSCAR within the last year—or since his abandonment of knee-breeches—has been deceived into the belief that he was other than a good-natured young Irishman with an eye to the main chance and a soul sufficiently self-poised: and probably no person to whom he has made himself ludicrous ever laughed more at him than he has laughed under his sleeve. It must be particularly grateful to the canny Hibernian to remember that there was once a period in his history when New York hostesses paid him three hundred dollars a night for posing in their drawing-rooms.

—A New-Yorker, while feeling in his coat pocket late one afternoon, pulled out an unmailed letter. "Gracious!" he exclaimed, in a frightened tone, "here's a letter my wife gave me to mail this morning." Three friends of his who happened to hear the remark immediately felt each his own pocket, and ascertained that they were in the same plight. Their misery loved its company.

—The grounds of the Lawn Tennis Club of Roseville, New Jersey, are adjacent to the railway station, and whenever the numerous trains stop there the passengers overlook the players and criticise them. For this reason it was feared that the lady members of the club would be loath to put in an appearance, but the apprehension was unfounded. The only effect wrought by the contiguity of the railway station is the increased beauty of the ladies' lawn tennis suits, which the passengers now contemplate with respectful admiration.

—In the second volume of *Boy Travellers in the Far East* Colonel THOMAS W. KNOX gives a vivid description of Cambodia. The King of Cambodia has read the Colonel's description, and considers it "a service to the country." For this service he has created him "an officer of our Royal Order," and has sent him a yellow parchment diploma, two feet square, to attest the fact. Colonel KNOX is also a member of the sacred confraternity of the White Elephant.

—A candidate for West Point must be "well versed" in reading, writing, arithmetic, descriptive geography, and the history of the United States, and must be of "sound body and constitution, good natural capacity, aptitude for study, industrious habits, perseverance, obedient and orderly disposition, and correct moral deportment." He must also be of "suitable preparation," and between the ages of seventeen and twenty-two. There are a multitude of well-bred young Americans who can fill this bill.

—Sospitra is the name of a legendary maiden who lived in a ruined temple in a desert, and was extraordinarily wise. Mr. WILLIAM SHARP, in a new book of poems, writes:

"All things before her were laid bare;
  All knowledge and all power she had;
She knew no sorrow, felt no care,
  Had perfect vision, and was glad;
Even as in a glass she saw
The evolution of one law."

—In view of the establishment of a modern language tripos at Cambridge University, England, a late writer congratulates those teachers "who have long recognized German as affording the linguistic training of which Latin and Greek have been supposed to hold a monopoly." He adds that "it is now felt that French and German, if taught on the same scientific principles as Greek and Latin, are of hardly less value as an educational instrument than the classical languages."

—An interesting character in Miss CRAIK's novel *Godfrey Helstone* is Mr. Beresford, described as a "genial, wholesome, sweet-natured old gentleman rector, with no very great enthusiasm for his calling, and conscious that he might have been more useful in some other rank of life."

—The well-known scholar FRANÇOIS LENORMENT, author of *The Beginnings of History*, writes to the author of *Atlantis*, expressing great interest in that work.

—The collision of the Sands Point steamer *John Sylvester* with the schooner *Eagle*, near Throgg's Neck, on the afternoon of June 6, was relieved by one pleasant incident. Mr. JABEZ A. BOSTWICK, of the New York Yacht Club, who happened to be passing in his steam-yacht the *Orienta*, seeing the helpless condition of the *John Sylvester*, went to her assistance in answer to a signal from the steamer, took off all the passengers, and landed them at Whitestone, whence they proceeded to New York by rail. Mr. BOSTWICK's prompt courtesy relieved the passengers from anxiety, and saved them from a vexatious delay.

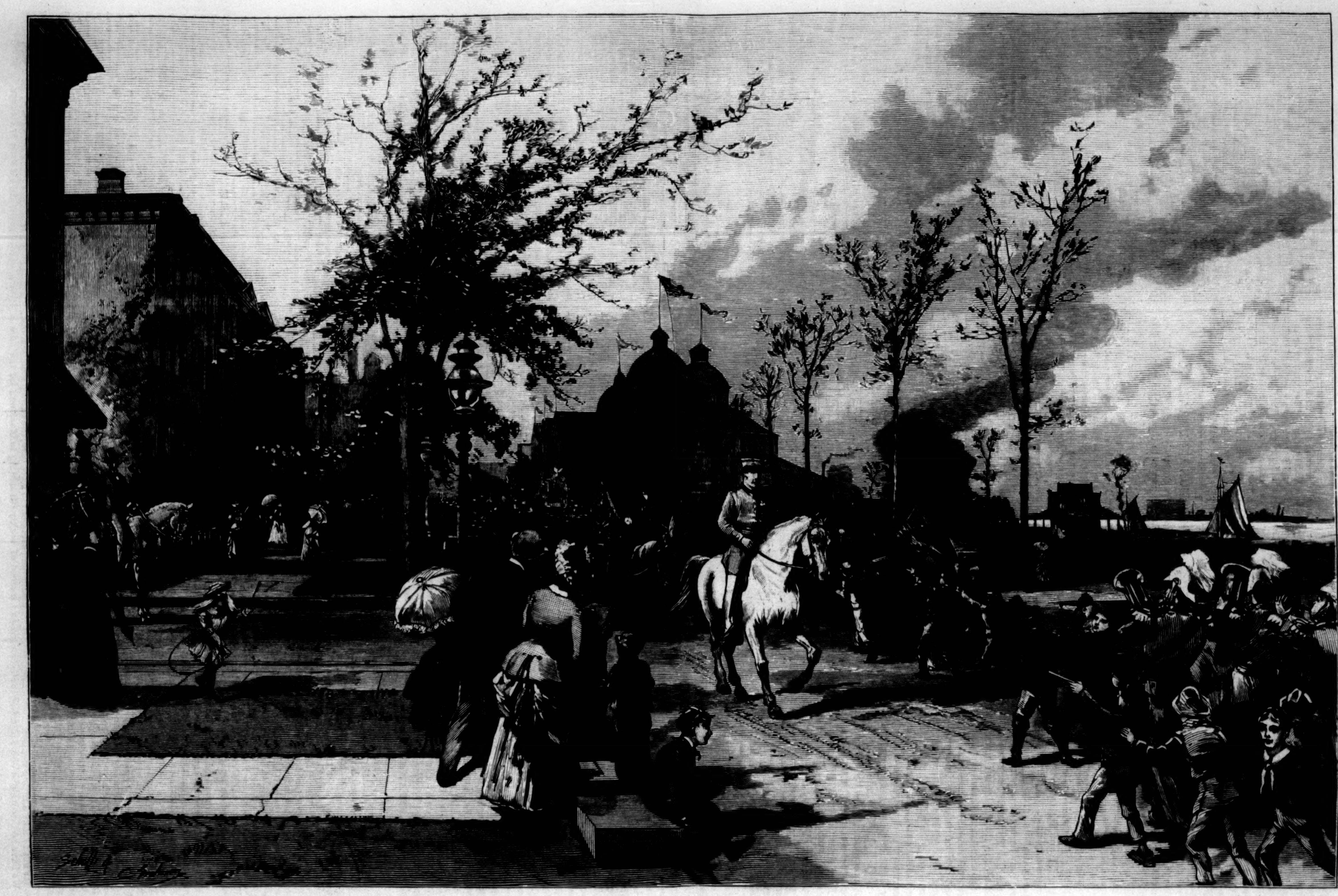
—The Hon. JAMES B. EUSTIS, who was recently chosen to succeed Hon. B. F. JONAS as Senator from Louisiana, is a graduate of Harvard College, and is well known in social and political circles throughout his State. The contest between him and Mr. JONAS in the Democratic caucus was very strong and close, the decisive vote being 58 to 53. The result was cheerfully acquiesced in by the defeated Senator, and both men made short speeches complimenting each other and expressing feelings of the warmest friendship. A portrait of Mr. EUSTIS is given on another page.

—Mr. GEORGE W. CABLE has leased a pleasant homestead about ten miles from Hartford, Connecticut, and will pass the summer there. He will deliver an address at the University of Alabama, in Tuskaloosa, on the 19th inst., and will give one reading in Montgomery about the same time.

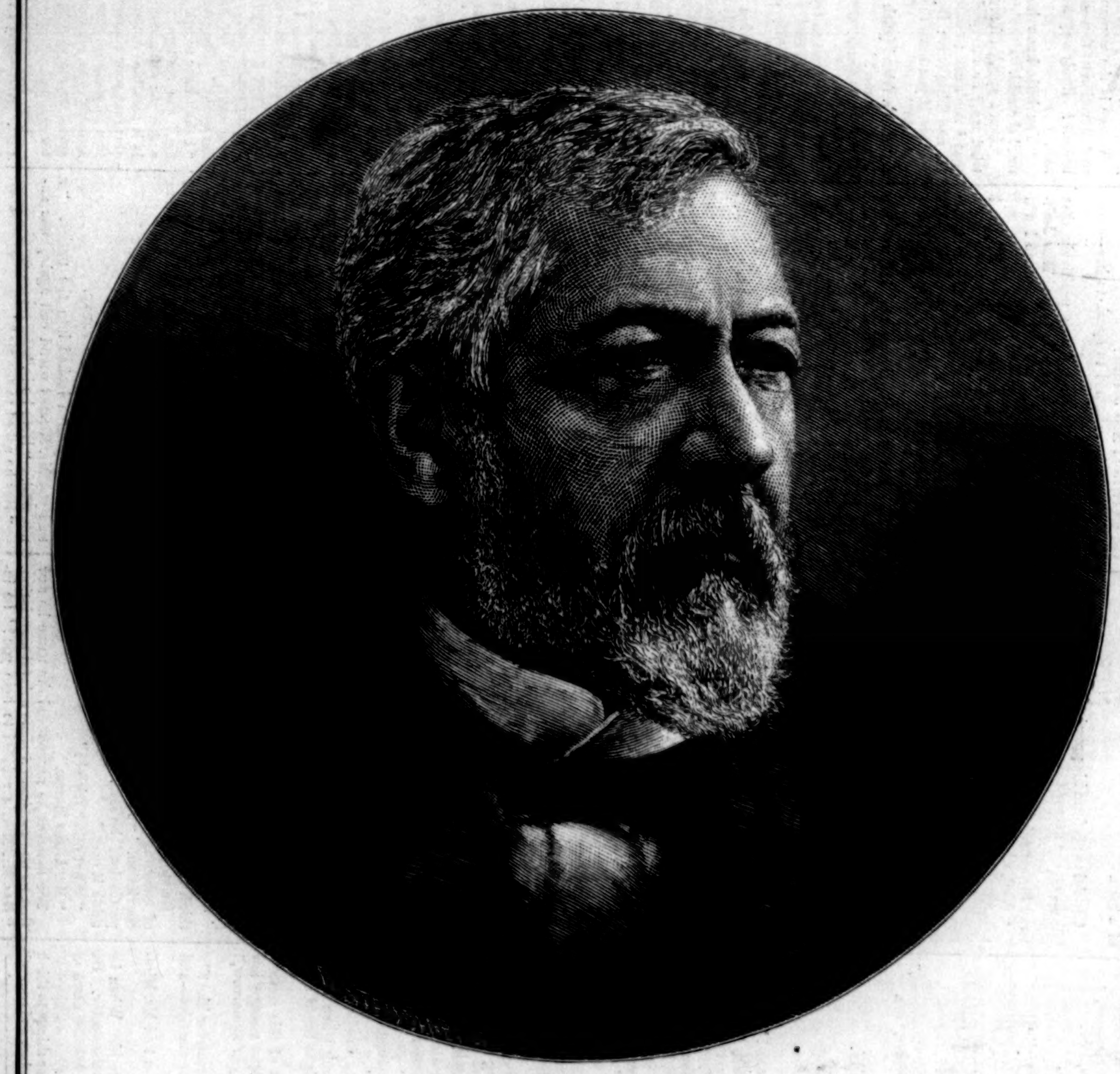
—On the 8th of last January General SHERMAN wrote to an officious person who attempted to sound him upon the subject of the nomination for the Presidency: "It gives me a twinge of pain every time I see my name in print on any subject other than my pure official work. I am not and never will be a candidate for any office, and think I can look ahead with some composure to passing the evening of my life in comparative ease and repose at St. Louis, Missouri. Surely in this land of freedom that much can be conceded to an old soldier."

—The appointment of Mr. E. HENRY LACOMBE, whose portrait is given on page 385, to the position of Corporation Counsel, has been well received by the bar and by all the more honest element interested in municipal litigation. Mr. LACOMBE has served as an assistant in the Corporation Counsel's office for years under Judge ANDREWS, and earlier under that gentleman's predecessor, Mr. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, and he is therefore well trained in his own department.

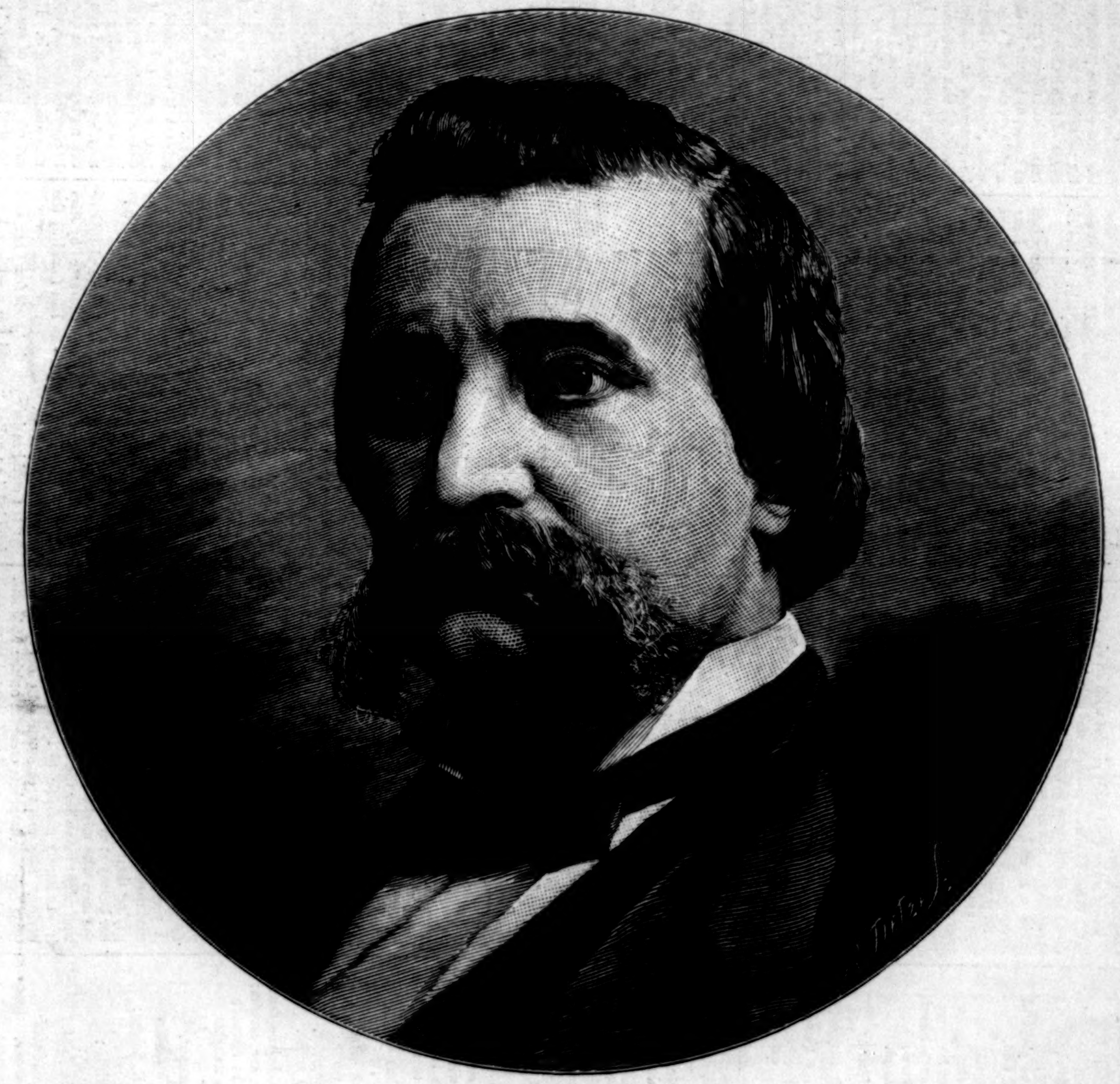
—Mlle. BENOIT, a bright young French woman, has been graduated from the Sorbonne with the degree of Bachelor of Letters and Sciences. She is made of good stuff. During her medical course she supported herself and her sister by teaching.



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—VIEW ON MICHIGAN AVENUE.—Drawn by Schell and Graham.—[See Page 379.]



THE HON. JAMES G. BLAINE,
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.—Photographed by Bogardus.



THE HON. JOHN A. LOGAN,
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.—Photographed by C. M. Bell.

THANKSGIVING.

By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

A new year gleams on us, tearful
 And troubled and smiling dim
As the smile on a lip still fearful,
 As glances of eyes that swim;
But the bird of my heart makes cheerful
 The days that are bright for him.

Child, how may a man's love merit
 The grace you shed as you stand,
The gift that is yours to inherit?
 Through you are the bleak days bland;
Your voice is a light to my spirit;
 You bring the sun in your hand.

The year's wing shows not a feather
 As yet of the plumes to be,
Yet here in the shrill gray weather
 The spring's self stands at my knee,
And laughs as we commune together,
 And lightens the world we see.

The rains are as dews for the christening
 Of dawns that the nights benumb;
The spring's voice answers me, listening
 For speech of a child to come,
While promise of music is glistening
 On lips that delight keeps dumb.

The mists and the storms receding
 At sight of you smile and die:
Your eyes held wide on me reading
 Shed summer across the sky;
Your heart shines clear for me, heeding
 No more of the world than I.

The world, what is it to you, dear,
 And me, if its face be gray,
And the new-born year be a shrewd year
 For flowers that the fierce winds fray?
You smile, and the sky seems blue, dear;
 You laugh, and the month turns May.

Love cares not for care; he has daffed her
 Aside as a mate for guile:
The sight that my soul yearns after
 Feeds full my sense for a while;
Your sweet little sun-faced laughter,
 Your good little glad grave smile.

Your hands through the book-shelves flutter:
 Scott, Shakespeare, Dickens, are caught;
Blake's visions that lighten and mutter;
 Molière—and his smile has naught
Left on it of sorrow, to utter
 The secret things of his thought.

No grim thing written or graven
 But grows, if you gaze on it, bright:
A lark's note rings from the raven,
 And tragedy's robe turns white;
And shipwrecks drift into haven:
 And darkness laughs, and is light.

Grief seems but a vision of madness:
 Life's key-note rings from above,
With naught in it more of sadness
 Than broods on the heart of a dove;
At sight of you thought grows gladness,
 And life, through love of you, love.

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE COTTAGE.

CHAPTER LII.

"IF I COULD FIND A FRIEND!"

Shortly after Miss Ladd had taken her departure, a parcel arrived for Emily, bearing the name of a bookseller printed on the label. It was large, and it was heavy. "Reading enough, I should think, to last for a lifetime," Mrs. Ellmother remarked, after carrying the parcel upstairs.

Emily called her back as she was leaving the room. "I want to caution you," she said, "before Miss Wyvil comes. Don't tell her—don't tell anybody—how my father met his death. If other persons are taken into our confidence, they will talk of it. We don't know how near to me or to my friends the murderer may be. The slightest hint may put him on his guard."

"Oh, miss, are you still thinking of that!"

"I think of nothing else."

"Bad for your mind, Miss Emily—and bad for your body, as your looks show. I wish you would take counsel with some discreet person before you move in this matter by yourself."

Emily sighed wearily. "In my situation, where is the person whom I can trust?"

"You can trust the good doctor."

"Can I? Perhaps I was wrong when I told you I wouldn't see him. He might be of some use to me."

Mrs. Ellmother made the most of this concession, in the fear that Emily might change her mind. "Dr. Allday may call on you to-morrow," she said.

"Do you mean that you have sent for him?"

"Don't be angry! I did it for the best—and Mr. Mirabel agreed with me."

"Mr. Mirabel! What have you told Mr. Mirabel?"

"Nothing, except that you are ill. When he heard that, he proposed to go to the doctor. He will be here again to-morrow, to ask for news of your health. Will you see him?"

"I don't know yet—I have other things to think of. Bring Miss Wyvil up here, when she comes."

"Am I to get the spare room ready for her?"

"No. She is staying with her father at the London house."

Emily made that reply almost with an air of relief. When Cecilia arrived, it was only by an effort that she could show grateful appreciation of the sympathy of her dearest friend. When the visit came to an end, she felt an ungrateful sense of freedom. The restraint was off her mind; she could think again of the one terrible subject that had any interest for her now. Over love, over friendship, over the natural enjoyment of her young life, predominated the blighting resolution which bound her to avenge her father's death. Her dearest remembrances of him—tender remembrances once—now burned in (to use her own words) like fire. It was no ordinary love that had bound parent and child together in the by-gone time. Emily had grown from infancy to girlhood, owing all the brightness of her life—a life without a mother, without brothers, without sisters—to her father alone. To submit to lose this beloved, this only companion by the cruel stroke of disease was of all trials of resignation the hardest to bear. But to be severed from him by the murderous hand of a man, was more than Emily's fervent nature could passively endure. Before the garden gate had closed on her friend she had returned to her one thought—she was breathing again her one aspiration. The books that she had ordered, with her own purpose in view—books that might supply her want of experience, and might reveal the perils which beset the course that lay before her—were unpacked and spread out on the table. Hour after hour, when the old servant believed that her mistress was in bed, she was absorbed over biographies in English and French which related the stratagems by means of which famous policemen had captured the worst criminals of their time. From these she turned to works of fiction which found their chief topic of interest in dwelling on the discovery of hidden crime. The night passed, and dawn glimmered through the window, and still she opened book after book with sinking courage, and still she gained nothing but the disheartening conviction of her inability to carry out her own plans. Almost every page that she turned over revealed the immovable obstacles set in her way by her sex and her age. Could *she* mix with the people, visit the scenes familiar to the fearful experience of men (in fact and in fiction) who had traced the homicide to his hiding-place, and had marked him among his harmless fellow-creatures with the brand of Cain? No! A young girl following, or attempting to follow, that career, must reckon with insult and outrage paying their abominable tribute to her youth and her beauty at every turn. What proportion would the men who might respect her bear to the men who might make her the object of advances which it was hardly possible to imagine without shuddering. She crept exhausted to her bed, the most helpless, hopeless creature on the wide surface of the earth—a girl self-devoted to the task of a man.

Careful to perform his promise to Mirabel without delay, the doctor called on Emily early in the morning, before the hour at which he usually entered his consulting-room.

"Well, what's the matter with the pretty young mistress?" he asked, in his most abrupt manner, when Mrs. Ellmother opened the door. "Is it love, or jealousy, or a new dress with a wrinkle in it?"

"You will hear about it, sir, from Miss Emily herself. I am forbidden to say anything."

"But you mean to say something, for all that."

"Don't joke, Dr. Allday. The state of things here is a great deal too serious for joking. Make up your mind to be surprised. I say no more."

Before the doctor could ask what this meant, Emily opened the parlor door.

"Come in," she said, impatiently.

Dr. Allday's first greeting was strictly professional. "My dear child, I never expected this," he began. "You are looking wretchedly ill." He attempted to feel her pulse. She drew her hand away from him.

"It's my mind that's ill," she answered. "Feeling my pulse won't cure me of anxiety and distress. I want advice; I want help. Dear old doctor, you have always been a good friend to me, be a better friend than ever now."

"What can I do?"

"Promise you will keep secret what I am going to say to you, and listen, pray listen patiently, till I have done."

Dr. Allday promised and listened. He had been, in some degree at least, prepared for a surprise, but the disclosure which now burst on him was more than his equanimity could sustain. He looked at Emily in silent dismay. She had surprised and shocked him, not only by what she said, but by what she unconsciously suggested. The doubt that had occurred to him when he saw Mirabel for the first time was now inevitably recalled to his memory. Was it possible that the man had produced the same impression on Emily's mind? His first impulse, when he was composed enough to speak, urged him to put the question to her cautiously.

"If you happened to meet with the suspected person," he said, "have you any means of identifying him?"

"None whatever, doctor. If you would only think it over—"

He stopped her there, convinced of the danger of encouraging her, and resolved to act on his conviction. "I have enough to occupy me in my profession," he said. "Ask your other friend to think it over."

"What other friend?"

"Mr. Alban Morris."

The moment he pronounced the name he saw that he had touched on some painful association. "Has Mr. Morris refused to help you?" he inquired.

"I have not asked him to help me."

"Why?"

There was no choice (with such a man as Dr. Allday) between offending him or answering him. Emily adopted the latter alternative. On this occasion she had no reason to complain of his silence.

"Your view of Mr. Morris's conduct surprises me," he replied—"surprises me more than I can say," he added, remembering that he too was guilty of having kept her in ignorance of the truth, out of regard—mistaken regard, as it now seemed to be—for her peace of mind.

"Be good to me, and pass it over if I am wrong," Emily said. "I can't dispute with you; I can only tell you what I feel. You have always been kind to me—may I count on your kindness still?"

Dr. Allday relapsed into silence.

"May I at least ask," she went on, "if you know anything of persons—" She paused, discouraged by the cold expression of inquiry in the old man's eyes as he looked at her.

"What persons?" he said.

"Persons whom I suspect."

"Name them."

Emily named the landlady of the inn at Zeeland: she could now place the right interpretation on Mrs. Rook's conduct when the locket had been put into her hand at Netherwoods. Dr. Allday answered shortly and stiffly: he had never even seen Mrs. Rook. Emily mentioned Miss Jethro next, and saw at once that she had interested him.

"What do you suspect Miss Jethro of doing?" he asked.

"I suspect her of knowing more of my father's death than she is willing to acknowledge," Emily replied.

The doctor's manner altered for the better. "I agree with you," he said, frankly. "But I have some knowledge of that lady. I warn you not to waste time and trouble in trying to discover the weak side of Miss Jethro."

"That was not my experience of her at school," Emily rejoined. "At the same time, I don't know what may have happened since those days. I may perhaps have lost the place I once held in her regard."

"How?"

"Through my aunt."

"Through your aunt?"

"I hope and trust I am wrong," Emily continued; "but I fear my aunt had something to do with Miss Jethro's dismissal from the school—and in that case Miss Jethro may have found it out." Her eyes, resting on the doctor, suddenly brightened. "You know something about it!" she exclaimed.

He considered a little—whether he should or should not tell her of the letter addressed by Miss Ladd to Miss Letitia, which he had found at the cottage.

"If I could satisfy you that your fears are well founded," he asked, "would the discovery keep you away from Miss Jethro?"

"I should be ashamed to speak to her—even if we met."

"Very well. I can tell you positively that your aunt was the person who turned Miss Jethro out of the school. When I get home I will send you a letter that proves it."

Emily's head sank on her breast. "Why do I only hear of this now?" she said.

"Because I had no reason for letting you know of it before to-day. If I have done nothing else, I have at least succeeded in keeping you and Miss Jethro apart."

Emily looked at him in alarm. He went on without appearing to notice that he had startled her. "I wish to God I could as easily put a stop to the mad project which you are contemplating!"

"The mad project?" Emily repeated. "Oh, Dr. Allday, do you cruelly leave me to myself at the time of all others when I am most in need of your sympathy?"

That appeal moved him. He spoke more gently; he pitied while he condemned her.

"My poor dear child, I should be cruel indeed if I encouraged you. You are giving yourself up to an enterprise so shockingly unsuited to a young girl like you that I declare I contemplate it with horror. Think, I entreat you—think; and let me hear that you have yielded, not to my poor entreaties, but to your own better sense." His voice faltered, his eyes moistened. "I shall make a fool of myself," he burst out furiously, "if I stay here any longer. Good-by."

He left her.

She walked to the window, and looked out at the fair morning. No one to feel for her—no one to understand her—nothing nearer that could speak to poor mortality of hope and encouragement than the bright heaven, so far away! She turned from the window. "The sun shines on the murderer," she thought, "as it shines on me."

She sat down at the table and tried to quiet her mind—to think steadily to some good purpose. Of the few friends that she possessed, every one had declared that she was in the wrong. Had *they* lost the one loved being of all beings on earth, and lost him by the hand of a homicide—and that homicide free? All that was faithful, all that was devoted, in the girl's nature held her to her desperate resolution as with a hand of iron. If she shrank at that miserable moment, it was not from her design—it was from the sense of her own helplessness. "Oh, if I had been a man!" she said to herself. "Oh, if I could find a friend!"

CHAPTER LIII.

THE FRIEND FOUND.

Mrs. Ellmother looked into the parlor. "I told you Mr. Mirabel would call again," she announced. "Here he is."

"Has he asked to see me?"

"He leaves it entirely to you."

For a moment, and a moment only, Emily was undecided. "Show him in," she said.

Mirabel's embarrassment was visible the moment he entered the room. For the first time in his life—in the presence of a woman—the popular preacher was shy. He who had taken hundreds of fair hands with sympathetic pressure—he who had offered fluent consolation, abroad and at home, to beauty in distress—was conscious of a rising color, and was absolutely at a loss for words, when Emily received him. And yet, though he appeared at disadvantage—and, worse still, though he was conscious of it himself—there was nothing contemptible in his look and manner. His silence and confusion revealed a change in him which inspired respect. Love had developed this spoiled darling of foolish congregations, this effeminate pet of drawing-rooms and boudoirs, into a Man—and no woman, in Emily's position, could have failed to see that it was love which she herself had inspired.

Equally ill at ease, they both took refuge in the commonplace phrases suggested by the occasion. These exhausted, there was a pause. Mirabel alluded to Cecilia, as a means of continuing the conversation.

"Have you seen Miss Wyvil?" he inquired.

"She was here last night; and I expect to see her again to-day, before she returns to Monksmoor with her father. Do you go back with them?"

"Yes—if *you* do."

"I remain in London."

"Then I remain in London too."

The strong feeling that was in him had forced its way to expression at last. In happier days—when she had persistently refused to let him speak to her seriously—she would have been ready with a light-hearted reply. She was silent now. Mirabel pleaded with her not to misunderstand him by an honest confession of his motives, which presented him under a new aspect. The easy, plausible man, who had hardly ever seemed to be in earnest before, meant, seriously meant, what he said now.

"May I try to explain myself?" he asked.

"Certainly—if you wish it."

"Pray don't suppose me capable," Mirabel said, earnestly, "of presuming to pay you a compliment. I can not think of you, alone and in trouble, without feeling anxiety which can only be relieved in one way—I must be near enough to hear of you day by day. Not by repeating this visit. Unless you wish it, I will not again cross the threshold of your door. Mrs. Ellmother will tell me if your mind is more at ease; Mrs. Ellmother will tell me if there is any new trial of your fortitude. She needn't even mention that I have been speaking to her at the door; and she may be sure, and you may be sure, that I shall ask no inquisitive questions. I can feel for you in your misfortune, without wishing to know what that misfortune is. If I can ever be of the smallest use, think of me as your other servant. Say to Mrs. Ellmother, 'I want him'—and say no more."

Where is the woman who could have resisted such devotion as this—inspired, truly inspired, by herself? Emily's eyes softened as she answered him.

"You little know how your kindness touches me," she said.

"Don't speak of my kindness until you have tried me," he interposed. "And let me repeat that I don't ask to enter into your secrets. Tell me one thing only: Do you see a way out of your trouble, if you have the resolution to take it?"

"I do."

"Can a friend (such a friend as I am, I mean) be of any use?"

"Of the greatest use if I could feel justified in trying you."

"I entreat you to try me."

"But, Mr. Mirabel, you don't know what I am thinking of. I may be wrong. My friends all say I *am* wrong."

"I don't care what your friends say; I don't care about any earthly thing but your tranquillity. Does your dog ask whether you are right or wrong? I am your dog. I think of you, and I think of nothing else."

She looked back through the experience of the last few days. Miss Ladd—Mrs. Ellmother—Dr. Allday: not one of them had felt for her, not one of them had spoken to her, as this man had felt and had spoken. She remembered the dreadful sense of solitude and helplessness which had wrung her heart in the interval before Mirabel came in. Her father himself could hardly have been kinder to her than this friend of a few weeks only. She looked at him through her tears; she could say nothing that was eloquent, nothing even that was adequate. "You are very good to me," was her only acknowledgment of all that he had offered. How poor it seemed to be! and how much it meant!

He rose, saying considerately that he would leave her to recover herself, and would wait to hear from Mrs. Ellmother if he was wanted. She stopped him before he could get to the door.

"No," she said, "I must not let you go. In common gratitude I ought to decide, and I will decide, before you leave me. I should be unworthy of your generosity if I hesitated to take you into my confidence. But let me appeal first—for your sake, not for mine—to your experience of the world." She paused; her color rose a little. "I shall have to ask you very often to speak with me," she resumed; "and for serious reasons, which you will presently know, we must be alone. Is it possible (you are better able to judge than I am) that your character may suffer in the estimation of some of your friends? I know how unselfishly you offer me your help; I know you speak to me as a brother might speak to a sister—"

"No, Miss Emily, I can't honestly claim to do that. And—may I venture to remind you?—you know why."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

She started. Her eyes rested on him with a momentary expression of reproach.

"Is it quite fair," she asked, "in my situation, to say that?"

"Would it have been quite fair," he rejoined, "to allow you to deceive yourself? Should I deserve to be taken into your confidence if I encouraged you to trust me under false pretenses? Not a word more of those hopes on which the happiness of my life depends shall pass my lips unless you permit it. Let the world think what it may of me, and say what it may of me! I should despise myself if I allowed that consideration to have the slightest influence, except when I think of you. The little world about us may take it for granted that I am more favored than I can perhaps ever hope to be; the little world about us doesn't know that another, happier man is an object of interest to you—"

"Stop, Mr. Mirabel! The person to whom you refer has no such claim on me as you suppose."

"Dare I say how happy I am to hear it? Will you forgive me?"

"I will forgive you if you say no more."

Their eyes met. Completely overcome by the new hope that she had inspired, Mirabel was unable to answer her. His sensitive nerves trembled under emotion like the nerves of a woman; his delicate complexion faded away slowly into whiteness. Emily was alarmed—he seemed to be on the point of fainting. She ran to the window to open it more widely.

"Pray don't trouble yourself," he said; "I am easily agitated by any sudden sensation, and I am a little overcome by my own happiness."

"Let me give you a glass of wine."

"Thank you; I don't need it indeed."

"You really feel better?"

"I feel quite well again, and eager to hear how I can serve you."

"It's a long story, Mr. Mirabel, and a dreadful story."

"Dreadful?"

"Yes! Let me tell you first how you can serve me. I am in search of a man who has done me the cruelest wrong that one human creature can inflict on another. But the chances are all against me—I am only a woman; and I don't know how to take even the first step toward discovery."

"You will know when I guide you."

He reminded her tenderly of what she might expect from him, and was rewarded by a grateful look. Seeing nothing, suspecting nothing, they advanced together nearer and nearer to the unknown end.

"Once or twice," Emily resumed, "I spoke to you of my poor father when we were at Monksmoor, and I must speak of him again. You could have no interest in inquiring about a stranger; and you can not have heard how my father died."

"Pardon me, I heard from Mr. Wyvil that he died of heart-complaint."

"You heard what I had told Mr. Wyvil," Emily said. "I was wrong."

"Wrong about your father's death!" Mirabel exclaimed, in tones of courteous surprise.

"Mr. Mirabel, I have been deceived about my father's death; and I have only discovered it a few days since."

At the impending moment of the frightful shock which she was innocently about to inflict on him, she hesitated, doubtful whether it would be best to relate how the discovery had been made, or to pass at once to the result. She decided on passing to the result.

"You shall hear directly how I found out that I had been deceived," she went on; "I will tell you the horrid truth first."

He was so immeasurably far away from the faintest suspicion of what was coming that he begged her to spare herself. "It will only distress you," he pleaded, "to dwell on your father's death."

"Distress me?" she repeated. "His death will madden me, if I fail to avenge it!"

"Oh, don't say that!"

"I must say it!—I will say it! My father died murdered at Zeeland; and the man you must help me to find is the wretch who killed him."

She started to her feet with a cry of terror. Mirabel dropped from his chair senseless on the floor.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DAY WITH HUNTING LEOPARDS.

A SERVANT of mine in India, returning from a leave of absence which I had granted him "in order to bury his aunt" (a regular formula of the leave-taking servant in India), brought me from his native place, somewhere in the wilds of Bundelkund, a young cheetah, or hunting leopard.

Fortunately the small beast of prey took a liking to myself and to my Scotch terrier, and became very soon accepted in the household as "another dog." It slept with the terrier, ate with it, and went out with it into the garden. But nothing would persuade the cheetah to follow its playmate into the street, for on the first occasion that it had ventured beyond my own premises, two large dogs happened to be passing and attacked it. At least they *would* have attacked it, but the cheetah, with a bound and a scramble, leaped on to the roof of an out-house, about thirteen feet from the ground, and stood there, with the hair on its back bristled up, and looking down on the dogs that were balancing themselves on their hind-legs, utterly lost in astonishment at the unexpected agility of the spotted stranger.

But after a while the cheetah became a nuisance, and I made a present of it to a young rajah, who was on an official visit to a friend of mine, and who took it back with him to his own estates. My duties, as it happened, called me in the following year to the same part of the country, and the prince invited me to his court "to see my cheetah hunt antelope."

On arriving at my host's "palace" I found that great preparations had been made for a hunt extending over the next four days, and that the programme included not only antelope-hunting with cheetahs, but hawking, crocodile-netting, and fish-spearing.

My own place had been arranged with a cart in which were two cheetahs, one of them my old pet. But the creature had utterly forgotten its former master, and replied to my friendly advances with a series of long growls that warned me to let it alone. However, there was plenty of room for me as well as for the leopards, and we travelled along together as comfortably as could be expected in a cart without springs over a country without roads.

The cheetahs' attendants, four in number, trotted along in a group behind the cart, coming up every now and then to the side of the vehicle, whenever they saw one of the animals trying to scrape the leather bandage off its eyes or threatening to quarrel with its companion.

After an hour's jolting along in the sun, I was just beginning to think the sport a dull one, when my cart was suddenly stopped, and looking up, I found all my friends dismounting. News, I found, had been received that in the *nullah*, or ravine, just in front of us, a party of spotted deer were feeding, and it was arranged that while the carts with the cheetahs should be driven along the rough and stony edge of the ravine toward the prey, we should take our places in the rocks above and watch the sport, so as not only to have the advantage of seeing the cheetahs hunt the deer, but also to get a shot ourselves at the survivors as they tried to escape down the ravine, away from the leopards and past ourselves.

Accordingly, we posted ourselves among and behind some large bowlders, interspersed with bushes, that overlooked the nullah, and which had been often used by my host and his friends for the same purpose, while the carts were driven along to our right some two miles along the edge. There they halted; and when one cart had crossed, they returned, creeping along opposite to each other on both sides of the ravine. The crossing of the cart startled the deer, and they began moving down toward us; but eventually observing that the carts were merely such as they were daily accustomed to see driven about by natives, they checked their flight, and though still advancing toward us, came along without any apparent suspicion of danger. Once or twice the bucks stopped and sniffed the air, but the scent of the leopards and of ourselves was evidently carried over them, for, though the wind was blowing straight across the nullah, the cautious animals came browsing along to their fate.

I was watching them through a field-glass, for they were still nearly a mile off, when one of my friends called out that the cheetahs had been let go. But the deer still came walking along in our direction quite unconcerned. Suddenly, however, they all stopped, looked behind them, and then broke into a slow trot. At this pace they advanced to within half a mile, and then, at an exposed patch of ground, I caught sight of a cheetah crouching and running along the opposite ridge. At the same instant the deer discovered their enemy, and dashed forward in a series of magnificent bounds. The cheetah at once threw off all attempt at concealment, and rushing swiftly forward for perhaps a hundred yards, gave seven or eight prodigious leaps, and, with a velocity that in description would seem incredible, flew through the air in pursuit.

In the excitement one of the native gentlemen of the party stood up. The deer saw him, swerved, and stood still, hesitating for one fatal moment; for in that moment the cheetah, giving one last spring, flashed alongside the deer, and seizing one of the number by the throat, dragged it down.

Here, as a rule, cheetah-hunting ends, and the attendants, coming forward, fill a large wooden ladle with the deer's blood, and dragging the animal off its victim, tempt it back into the cart. But on this occasion the death of the deer was only the commencement of the morning's excitement.

No sooner had the deer fallen than a second cheetah, that had been pursuing the herd from the other side, sprang forward upon the victim and its slayer, and then commenced a battle royal between the two leopards.

The attendants rushed forward vociferating. The deer swept past our ambush, receiving a fusillade as they passed that halved their numbers, and while some were shouting and some shooting, out stepped upon the ravine, much perplexed by the unexpected clamor and din that had waked him from his sleep, an old gray wolf.

I was the first to see him and put a bullet into him, but the next moment all the hunt had caught sight of the wolf, and my host's dogs—two half-bred stag-hounds—went bounding off after the crippled beast.

And then commenced such a scene as I have seldom witnessed. Within fifty yards of each other were two dogs fighting with a wolf, and two leopards fighting with each other, and making nearly as much growling and yelping as if they were fifty. Each group was surrounded by a number of leaping, yelling natives, while on the stones above them stood their masters, screaming and roaring out perfectly unintelligible orders.

My young host was in fits of laughter at what he called the "tumasha"; and his servants, taking the cue from him, had evidently no serious intention of stopping the impromptu combats.

"You will lose both those cheetahs," said I, for I knew that leopard fights are very often fatal to both, as though one may kill the other outright by seizing its throat and strangling it, the other, before dying, uses its hind claws—as all cats do when fighting—with fatal effect upon its adversary's stomach and sides.

The young prince at once turned to a servant, and seizing a gun ran down into the scene of confusion. The rest, seeing him in earnest, now caught hold of the leopards' tails and tugged at them as if they were trying to pull them off, while one officious youth began with a long bamboo to thwack the wolf and dogs promiscuously.

But the scrimmage was virtually over. I ran down with my young host into the nullah, but got there just in time to see the wolf give up the ghost, and one cheetah, dying, dragged by its tail off the dead body of the other. It was my old pet!

My host was naturally furious at the loss of his two trained leopards, and a summary court of justice was convened after the characteristic Oriental fashion to discover the "culprits." But even to the Oriental mind it became evident at last that no one was to blame except the wolf, dogs, and cheetahs, so a few men were miscellaneously thumped with sticks, and a great number more roundly abused through several generations of their female ancestors, and the hunt was resumed.

But so ended my cheetah.

PHIL ROBINSON.

THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION.

FOR several days preceding the meeting of the Republican Convention at Chicago that city was the scene of the wildest political excitement and confusion that have been witnessed for many years. At the head-quarters of the several State delegations, in the hotels and all other places of public resort, the "booming" and "whooping up" were carried on in a prodigious manner. Torch-light processions and bands of music made the streets lively by night, and the amount of electioneering among the delegates as they arrived was unequalled in the history of recent Conventions.

In accordance with general usage, the National Committee selected a candidate for the important position of Temporary Chairman of the Convention, and their choice fell upon the Hon. POWELL CLAYTON, of Arkansas. It was alleged that although Mr. CLAYTON had been elected as an ARTHUR delegate, this was a movement in the interest of Mr. BLAINE. At any rate, it was distasteful to a majority of the delegates, many of whom would in any case have objected to the choice of a man of Mr. CLAYTON's political career and personal character. As the result of a thorough canvass of the opposition, the Hon. JOHN R. LYNCH, of Mississippi, was put in nomination, and on the assembling of the Convention in the Exposition Building, on the 3d of June, he was elected by a vote of 431 to 387 for Mr. CLAYTON.

Nothing else of importance was transacted on the first day. On the second, after the usual preliminaries, Mr. HAWKINS, of Tennessee, introduced a resolution pledging every member of the Convention to support the nominee, and declaring that no man ought to hold a seat who was not willing to subscribe to that pledge. The resolution aroused such a tempest of opposition that it was finally withdrawn by the mover, and the Convention proceeded to the work of permanent organization. General WILLIAMS, of Indiana, chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization, presented the name of the Hon. JOHN B. HENDERSON, of Missouri, for the position of Permanent Chairman; and after a few objections had been heard and answered, the report was agreed to by a *viva voce* vote, not a dozen voices being heard in the negative.

On being conducted to the chair Mr. HENDERSON delivered himself of a brief speech, in which he gracefully alluded to the leading candidates before the Convention. The reference to Mr. EDMUNDS was received in silence. President ARTHUR's name elicited warm and hearty applause. The mention of Mr. BLAINE was the signal for a perfect cyclone of voices. According to the correspondent of the New York *Sun*, "The galleries were packed by BLAINE's friends, and they applauded as wildly as they applauded four years ago, when the man of Appomattox was his opponent. Hats were thrown up, handkerchiefs were wildly waved, the tattoo of canes sounded like a hail-storm on the roof, and nearly half the delegates were on their feet, mad with enthusiasm. The bannerets of the different States had been removed, so that they could not be used. The storm died away, but returned again, and subsided, and returned a third time." It was a well-managed exhibition of political clacque.

As the Committee on Rules was not ready to report, the Convention adjourned to meet at seven in the evening. The committee was still unprepared when the Convention re-assembled, and after a brief session, during which nothing important was done, an adjournment was had to eleven o'clock the next morning.

The first business of the third day was the report of the Committee on Credentials, which favored the sitting delegates in all but the Albany District in New York, and the Fourth District in Kentucky. These districts were divided among the contestants, half a vote in the Convention being allowed to each man. The report of the committee was adopted without a dissenting vote.

The report of the Committee on Rules was then read. Its main features were that the previous question could be moved when called for by a majority vote in any State delegation, seconded by two other States, and sanctioned by a majority of the Convention; a roll-call might be had at the request of any two States; the vote in each State was to be announced by its Chairman; no one was to be allowed to speak more than once on questions aside from the nomination of candidates, and not longer than five minutes; the National Committee was to be empowered to select a method for the election of delegates to the next National Convention. Mr. GROW, of Pennsylvania, offered a substitute, proposing that the delegates be elected by Congressional districts as heretofore. He did not want the National Committee to choose the manner of their selection. The people alone ought to select them. His proposition was accepted.

The minority report on the method of electing delegates to the next Convention was then read, and one section, which provided that hereafter "each Congressional district shall be entitled to one delegate, and to an additional delegate for every 10,000 votes, or majority fraction thereof cast for the Republican Presidential electors," created such a tempest of opposition among the Southern delegates that it was soon withdrawn.

The report of the Committee on Resolutions was next in order. The platform, which is too long to be quoted, recites the history of the Republican party and its achievements, laments the death of President GARFIELD, approves the administration of President ARTHUR, declares against a tariff for revenue only, and an indiscriminate process of horizontal reduction, and pledges the Republican party to correct the inequalities of duties "by such methods as will relieve the taxpayer without injuring the laborer or the productive interests of the country; favors a re-adjustment of the duty upon foreign wool; urges an effort to have established an international standard fixing for all nations the relative value of gold and silver coinage; favors legislation to regulate home and foreign commerce, and prevent unjust discrimination and excessive charges for railway transportation; recommends the establishment of a national bureau of labor, and the enforcement of the eight-hour law; denounces the importation of contract labor; favors the extension of the civil service system to all grades of the service to which it is applicable; maintains that the public lands, being a heritage of the people, should be reserved as far as possible for small holdings by actual settlers, and not given in large tracts to non-resident aliens and corporations; pledges the party to an amendment of the pension laws in the interests of the soldiers and sailors of the late war; declares against our meddling with the affairs of foreign nations, or allowing them to meddle with ours; demands the restoration of our navy, and calls upon Congress to open the way for the revival of American shipping; demands the suppression of polygamy; denounces the fraud and violence practiced by the Democracy in the Southern States, by which the will of the voters is defeated, and arraigns the Democratic party as being the guilty recipient of the fruits of such fraud and violence; and finally promises to do all it can to promote the passage of such legislation as will secure to every citizen, of whatever race and color, the full and complete recognition, possession, and exercise of all civil and political rights."

After the adoption of the platform, the nominations for members of the National Committee were made, and the Convention adjourned till evening, when the names of the candidates were presented. Every seat was filled. The galleries were closely packed. The atmosphere was densely hot, and "five thousand fans were moving in the mellow gas-light like leaves in a grove of palmettoes." Twelve thousand faces were turned eagerly toward the stage, waiting for the opening of the great struggle.

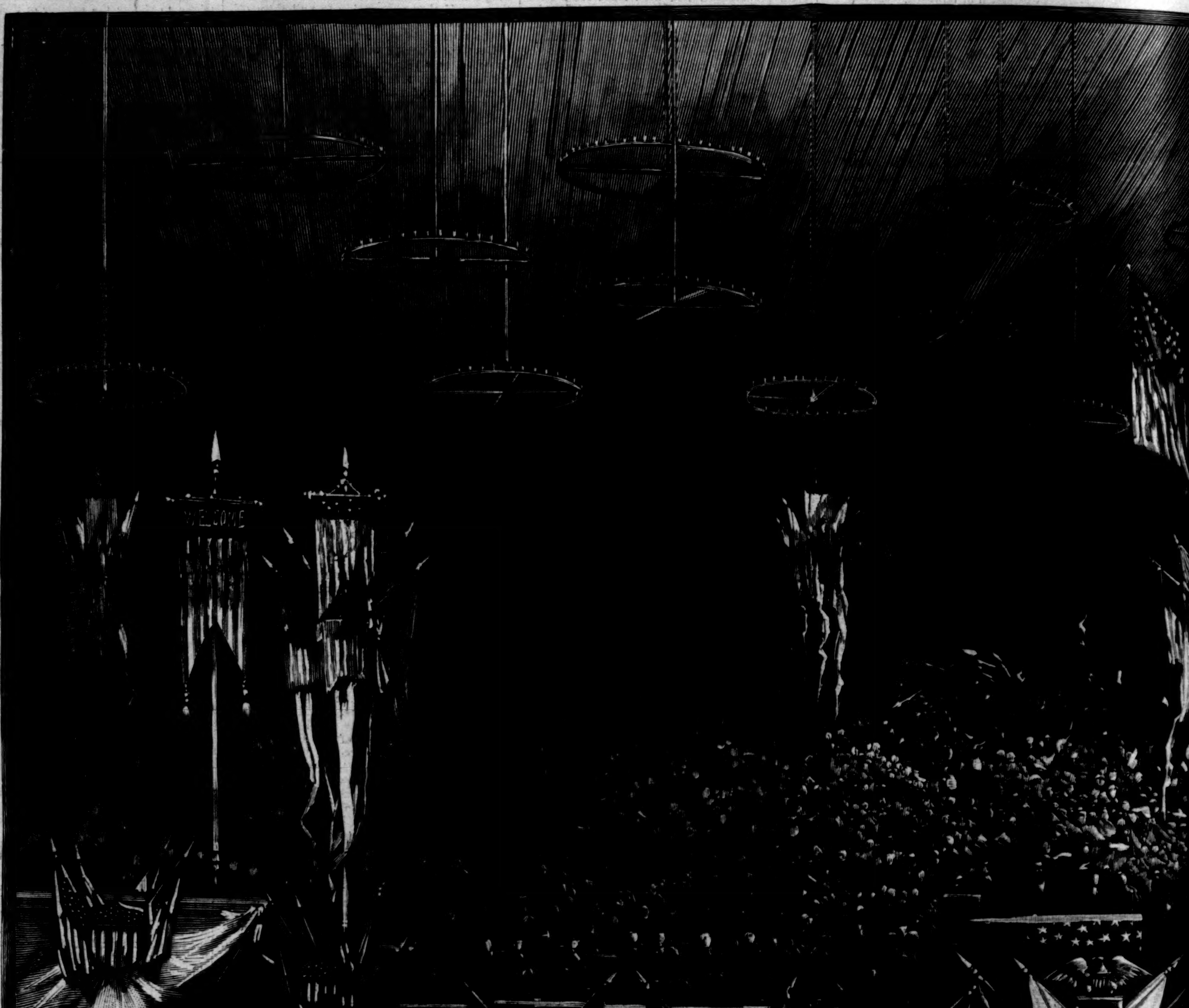
The roll-call of the States proceeded, as usual, in alphabetical order, beginning with Alabama. Connecticut was the first to name a candidate, General HAWLEY. Illinois came next with General LOGAN, but neither elicited much applause. When Maine was reached, a perfect tornado of applause broke forth, and for some minutes the uproar was deafening. Then Judge WEST, the "blind man eloquent," of Ohio, nominated Mr. BLAINE in a speech of impassioned fervor, and when he named his candidate the applause broke forth afresh. The festooned flags were torn from the State coats of arms on the galleries, and wildly waved to and fro. It was some time before Judge WEST was allowed to go on with his speech.

The name of President ARTHUR also evoked most hearty cheering and enthusiasm. He was nominated by Mr. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND in a forcible speech, but with less eloquence than Judge WEST had thrown into his fiery oration. Senator SHERMAN's name was presented by Judge FORAKER, and the name of Senator EDMUNDS by Governor LONG, seconded by Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Late at night the Convention adjourned to the next morning.

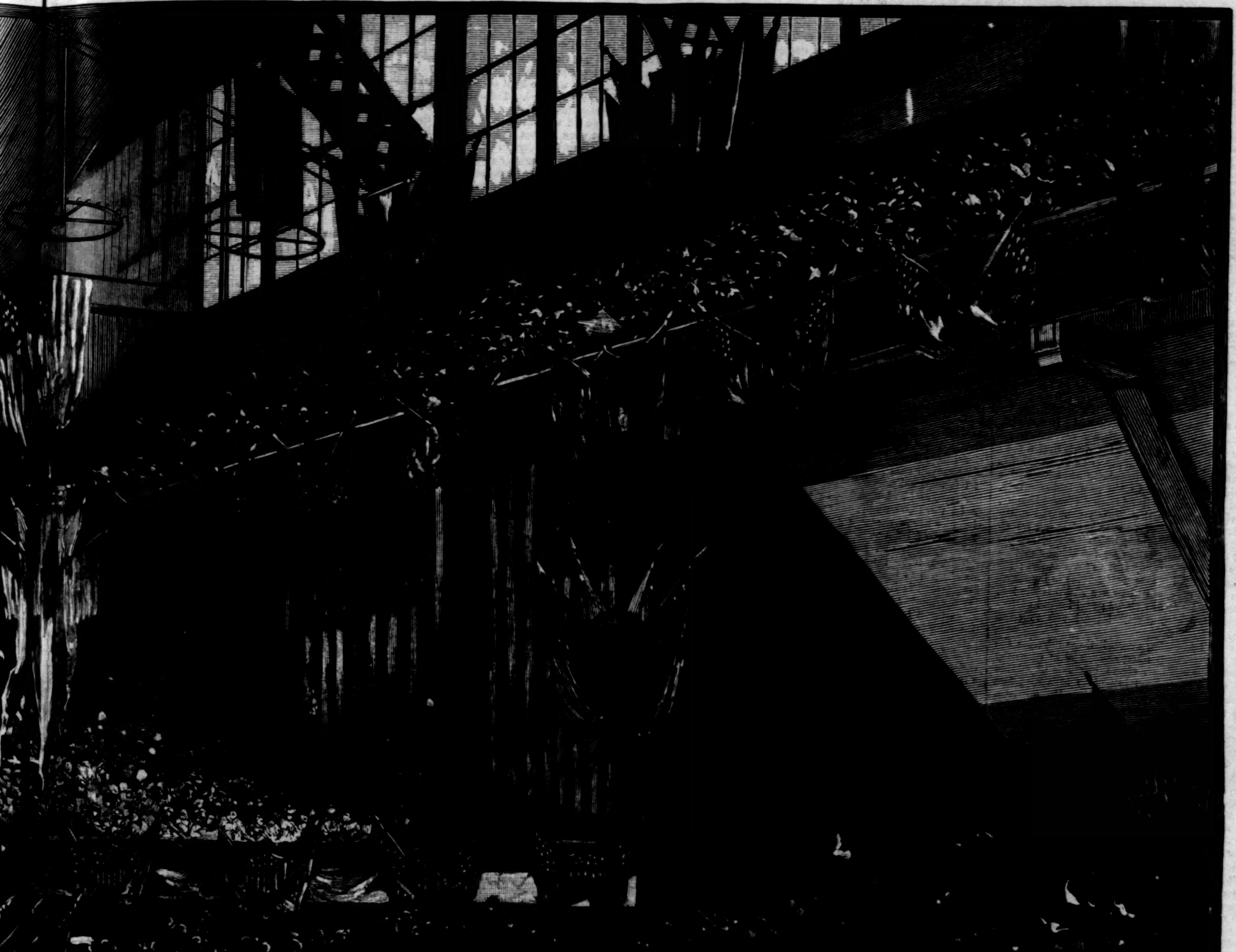
The doors of the Exposition Building were thrown open at ten o'clock on Friday morning. Thousands of people were waiting for admission, and the struggle for entrance was greater than at any time before. By the time Mr. HENDERSON took the chair every seat was filled, and the balloting was begun without delay. It was soon evident that the solid BLAINE phalanx was to encounter a scattered and unorganized opposition, and by the time the third ballot was taken the nomination of the Maine statesman was a foregone conclusion. The following is a summary of the several ballots:

Candidates.	Ballots.			
	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.
James G. Blaine....	334½	349	375	541
Chester A. Arthur..	278	276	274	207
George F. Edmunds.	93	85	69	41
John A. Logan......	63½	61	53	7
John Sherman......	30	28	25	....
Joseph R. Hawley...	13	13	13	15
Robert T. Lincoln...	4	4	8	2
William T. Sherman.	2	2	2	....
Total vote..........	818	818	819	813
Necessary to a choice	410	410	410	407

The announcement of the fourth ballot called out another storm of applause. Mr. BURLEIGH, of New York, moved that the nomination be made unanimous. No negative votes were heard. The Convention then took a recess until evening, when General JOHN A. LOGAN was nominated for Vice-President, and the Republican Convention of 1884 came to an end.



THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CHICAGO—THE ANNOUNC



ENT OF THE FINAL BALLOT.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 379.]

THE COUNSELLOR'S STORY.

By Mrs. FRANK McCARTHY.

"I DON'T know anything about table-tipping or spirit-rapping," said the Counsellor: "it's difficult for a man in my profession to believe in the supernatural: but certain conclusive evidence has led me to think that the attributes of an angel or a devil may cling pretty closely to a feather-bed. We were old classmates, Jack Henderson and I, and when I decided to go into law as a profession, Jack took to oils and colors. Not exactly as a profession, but he fitted up a studio at the back of his shop, and, according to my poor opinion, some of the pictures he gave away to his friends would have brought a fine figure if placed in the artistic market. But he depended upon the regular line of business in paints and oils, and did pretty well from the start.

In the mean while I was spending my poor little inheritance for the common necessities of life. The country town where we lived seemed to be as full of squabbles and broils as usual, but not a client could I get, and here was I burning my candle at both ends, while Jack dropped in day after day with the news of his growing prosperity. More exasperating than all, he was about to marry the girl he loved, while my own engagement dragged indefinitely its weary length along.

How I did envy him that November day he came to invite me to his wedding! It was that suicidal kind of weather when a muggy atmosphere oppresses mind and body, when, if a man is down, it seems as if no power on earth can lift him up again, and the happiness of another adds an additional misery to his own luckless fate. I held a letter in my hand from my adored Sophy, wherein the poor girl delicately conveyed to me the inconvenience of further prolonging an already exhaustive wooing; I had just received the third dun from my tailor for the shabby clothes I was yet wearing; my office rent was due; my boy had thrust his impudent tongue in his cheek when I had reproved him for a sharp rejoinder; my bank account was closed; and I could scarcely imagine where my next meal was to come from.

As I sat brooding over all these miseries the door was suddenly flung open, and in came my friend Jack with an air of hilarious happiness that would have been infectious to a man less hopelessly stricken than myself. My importunate tailor had evidently exhausted his skill in devising a becoming outfit for this fortunate customer, who was an advertisement in himself, so happily did every favor of fortune hang upon him. His fine eyes shone with open triumph and delight, even the depressing weather had no effect upon him, and clapping me upon my despondent shoulder he asked me out to dinner with him.

"My dear boy," he said, "congratulate me. I'm the happiest fellow in the world. The day is fixed; the invitations will be out to-morrow. I want you for my best man."

He must have noticed the bitter grin that distorted my visage, for his eyes wandered down the frayed edges of my coat, and rested upon the broken tips of my boots.

"And while I am about it, Bob," he said, "I may as well pay you that old debt of mine. The interest must be pretty considerable now, but we'll let that go. Under present circumstances you mustn't be hard on a fellow—unusual expenses, etc.; but I'll make out a check for the original amount at once."

He drew out his check-book, and handed me a call upon the bank for a comfortable sum that would put me temporarily upon my feet. The whole thing was so delicately and quickly contrived, and my strait was so desperate, that I accepted his generosity without a word of remonstrance, resolving that I would hold the obligation in my heart of hearts. Then he went on talking of his felicity to a more responsive auditor.

"You remember my grandmother, Bob? What a splendid old lady she is! One of the finest creatures God ever made! I owe everything to my grandmother. Whatever there is of a man in me, and a happy, prosperous man at that, comes of her love and kindness. Now what do you think she has sent me for a wedding present? Something as big and soft and bountiful as the heart that devised it. A feather-bed, Bob!—a bouncing, imposing, magnificent feather-bed! You remember the geese down on the old farm?"

"Yes, Jack," I replied, warmed to interest by my friend's enthusiasm and the check that rested, with poor Sophy's letter, next my heart; "but are you sure they are not all swans?"

"Whatever is their species," he rejoined, "they are rare specimens of it. How graceful are their undulations! How they shine in the sunlight, like billows of snow! How they adorn and enliven the flowery pastures of the dear old farm! And the dear old lady plucked these feathers from those magnificent birds. No common ticking encompasses these treasures; a fine, soft, superior article has been woven for this purpose by my grandmother herself. So you see, Bob, the whole thing is a labor of love. Stay, here is the letter that accompanied the gift." And Jack pulled out his grandmother's letter, reading it as we went along.

"Accept my tribute to your happiness," wrote the fine old Quakeress, "in the spirit with which it is given thee. Keep it to the end of thy life. Like my love for thee and thine, it is imperishable. May it be a talisman of inexhaustible benefit to thee, and when reposing upon it after the labors of the day, consider it as the heart of thy grandmother, a haven of rest and comfort from the trials and tribulations of a troublesome world."

"Could anything be finer?" said Jack. "Do you know, Bob, I have a feeling of veneration for that bed!"

How mysterious is the wheel of destiny! Upon returning to my office, I found there, as it seemed to me, the reflection of my friend's luck in my first client. The case promised to be a profitable one. When I had settled the preliminaries, accepted the retaining fee, and bowed my client out, I felt like a new man. I immediately wrote a severe letter to my tailor, ordered a new suit, paid him something on account, dismissed the insolent office-boy, lighted a fire in the grate, put my feet on the fender, filled my pipe, and began to be glad I was alive.

Suddenly a shadow loomed in the doorway, and turning, I beheld my friend Jack. But his demeanor was changed. He was no longer the gay, triumphant, mercurial gallant of the morning. He was subdued and sober, and there was something of the conquered, so to speak, in his whole aspect.

"Why, Jack—" I said, handing him a chair, and paused, for I felt that it was better to avoid any expression of curiosity.

He sighed as he seated himself, and looked into the now glowing coals with a pensive abstraction.

"Bob," he said at length, "since I saw you last I have had a painful experience. My engagement with Gertrude was within an ace of being broken off. A little more and I should have parted with her forever, and to-night would have found me a desolate and desperate man."

"Why, what in the world—" I began, and paused again, for the subject was a delicate one.

"It was the feather-bed that my grandmother gave me," said Jack, solemnly. "You know how I felt about that bed, Bob; and knowing as well as Gertrude does all that I owe to my grandmother, it is yet difficult for me to conceive how she could have treated her wedding gift to us with an almost open contempt. When I told her about it I fancied a look of disappointment shadowed her face, and at length she said, coldly, it would do for the spare room; that as for her own bedchamber her mother had given her a fine French bedstead of solid mahogany, with rolled headpiece, springs, and hair mattress complete. I was hurt, Bob—I was grieved; but I mastered my chagrin as best I could, and said that a fine foreign article like that would be best reserved for her mother when she came to visit us; that for my part I preferred a feather-bed. 'And I,' she said, looking at me with a sturdy defiance that I never thought to see in her beautiful eyes—'and *I* prefer a hair mattress!' 'It's a pity,' I rejoined, 'that we can not agree upon so simple a matter,' feeling a heat gather within me, loving my beautiful betrothed more than ever, but resolving she never should put her pretty foot upon my neck in such fashion. But she got upon her feet, Bob, and now confronted me with glowing eyes and cheeks that burned to a flame. 'If, sir,' she said, 'we can not agree upon so simple a matter, it is not likely that we shall upon those more serious and profound.' Stung to madness, I also got upon my feet. 'That is unfortunately too true, madam,' I said, and strode to the door. As my hand touched the knob, something like a sob reached me, and turning, I beheld her with outstretched hands, all pale and trembling. My heart melted within me. I flung myself at her feet, and besought her to do as she pleased with me and my grandmother's bed.

"Yes, Bob, I made a full surrender; but she has taken no unfair advantage of it. With delicate ingenuity she has contrived one of the happiest of compromises. Not to slight her mother's gift or that of my grandmother, to pay deference to my desires and yet further her own, she has resolved that the feather-bed shall be placed beneath the hair mattress, and both of them carefully adjusted to the springs of the fine French bedstead. A happier combination could not be desired. But I can not forget the shock of our controversy, Bob: never before have we had a disagreement upon any subject."

"Nonsense, Jack!" I exclaimed; "these little tiffs between lovers only serve to bring them closer together. Why, Sophy and I—" But what I told Jack about Sophy and myself has nothing to do with my story.

Jack was married at the appointed time. I wore my new suit, and was best man. Sophy came to the wedding, and our own followed shortly after. My affairs improved from the day I secured my first client, but Jack's business was far more prosperous than mine. His grandmother died, and left him some money. He added paper-hanging to his other pursuits, and engendered so lively an ambition among the matrons of the town to outdo each other in furbishing up their houses that they had no time for more serious strife, and the lawyer's trade was dull. The years fled along, and Jack's monetary affairs flourished apace. He built a big house next his shop, and the next news we heard was that Mrs. Henderson was going to the metropolis for her new furniture.

One night, at my own modest supper, I noticed more than usual of my favorite dishes, and my little wife began coaxing me to give my consent to a purchase she had in hand.

"If we can spare the money, my dear," I said —"and you know best whether we can or not—get whatever pleases your fancy."

"It isn't the matter of the money," she replied, "for it's a mere song; and such a wonderful bargain! Gertrude said she wouldn't let anybody else have it for twice the sum, because Jack was so queer and foolish about it; but she don't want it now that she's going to furnish over her house, and she says she hates a feather-bed anyway."

I felt a cold chill creep down my vertebræ. "Oh, the iconoclastic proclivities of women!" I groaned.

"It's as good as new," coaxed Sophy, "and will be so nice and warm for the children, now that the winter is coming on. Can't I buy it?"

"Buy it!" I shouted. "Certainly not. I would as soon traffic for a soul. And you had better tell Mrs. Henderson that whatever barters she makes or mars, she will do well not to meddle with the feather-bed of Jack's grandmother."

Whether Sophy gave Jack's wife this friendly bit of warning I know not, but we heard nothing more about the feather-bed, though the town was ringing with the fine new appointments of Mrs. Henderson's new mansion on the hill.

They gave a grand entertainment for a house-warming, and though room after room was thrown open to the guests, there was no sign of a bedstead of any kind, let alone a bed. Toward the close of the festivity my little Sophy put her hand in my arm and led me off with her to see some china ornaments that were set out in fine array upon a big black article of furniture in the back parlor. There was a swinging mirror upon the top of it that reflected all the shepherdesses and dragons and queer contortions in porcelain, so that it seemed as if their number was legion, and while I was gazing upon them in bewilderment, Sophy pressed my arm and whispered:

"It's a bed, Bob—a folding-bed. It opens with a spring, and there's a mattress inside. Isn't it perfectly lovely? Isn't it complete?"

When she told me the cost of it, I again groaned over the imbecile extravagance of women.

"And the fine French bedstead her mother gave her?" I asked.

"Oh, that's all out of fashion long ago," said Sophy.

The supper was a marvel of culinary prodigality, and wine ran like water. When Jack bade us good-by I noticed that his speech was a little thick, and his eyes somewhat blood-shot. Several times after, I met him in the streets of the town when his step was unsteady, and his greeting either noisily boisterous or heavily dull, and rumors went about that Mr. and Mrs. Henderson sometimes had high words together.

All these things weighed upon my mind, and I resolved to invite Jack's confidence when the opportunity offered; but our paths lay wider and wider apart now, and we were no longer as intimate as of old.

So it went on to the close of another year; and it must have been about nine o'clock one frosty December night that I was belated at the office with some legal business. My one clerk and the office-boy were off preparing for some Christmas junketing, and I was about shutting up the office for the night. I had banged the heavy door of my safe, and snapped the locks of my drawers, and scuttled away the dry old documents that had kept me from Sophy and the little ones in the pigeon-holes of my desk, and was about locking the outer door, when a ring at the office bell close in my ear somewhat startled me. I was still more shocked when my old friend Jack Henderson strode in, and flinging himself in a chair, buried his face in his hands.

All the cold, blank years that had rolled between us since that dreary day long ago when he came to me as a deliverer were forgotten in a moment. He was my friend of friends, my best-beloved Jack. We were getting on now in years. Jack's raven locks were sprinkled with gray, and my own had disappeared altogether from the top of my cranium; but I flung my arms about him with the old boyish fervor, and lifted his head to my shoulder. "My dear boy," I said, "what can I do for you? All that I have in the world is yours."

He raised his face to mine and smiled—a smile fit to break the heart, so sad it was, and sere, and bitter. "My dear Bob," he said, "your affection warms my heart; but I did not come here to borrow money of you. The trouble has been, I believe, that we have had too much money of late—too much money, and too little of some other things."

How haggard he was! The lines about his mouth quivered as he spoke.

"What I want of you, Bob," he continued, "is a very simple thing. It is in your line of business, and won't take you ten minutes to do. It is a bill of separation between my wife and me. Don't plead with me, Bob; it is useless. It is too late now. Nothing can avert the disaster that has fallen upon me and mine. I even think it is better now to go through with it, and have done with it forever. I am prepared for anything. It is all my fault. Put it so in the bill. Give her two thirds of my income—give her all, everything I have in the world."

His head fell again upon his hands. A sob broke from his parched throat. I put a glass of water to his lips. Then I kicked together the smouldering embers in the grate, turned up the lamps, and seating myself by Jack, took his cold hand in mine, and remained silent.

Presently he turned to me with something of the old warmth and tenderness in his smile. "You'll be surprised, Bob," he said, "when I tell you that the innocent cause of all this misery is the feather-bed of my poor dear old grandmother. You know how I have always felt about that bed. My wife also knew how sacred it was to me. I leave you to imagine my emotion when I discovered that she was actually endeavoring to barter it away for a trifle. It aroused such a storm of indignation within me that perhaps I went too far. But I made amends for whatever I did or said in the heat of passion. I refused to part with what I considered a sacred inheritance, but consented that it should be put aside in one of the upper rooms, and bade my wife get what she pleased for its successor. It was then that she caused to be brought into the house one of those new-fangled abominations called a folding-bed. After sleeping upon the magnificent combination devised by Gertrude just before our marriage, the contrast was a terrible one. When women are ruled by a devouring ambition for what they call style and novelty, they will sacrifice the best instincts of their nature. My wife would have thought nothing of bartering away the last sacred relics of her mother and my grandmother, and stretching herself upon a rack, if fashion required the martyrdom. It was little less, Bob. Think of it for a moment! Imagine the incomparable quality of the treasure we were putting away from us! For a foundation there was the majestic and spacious frame-work of solid mahogany. Upon this was placed the excellent old-fashioned springs which nothing nowadays can excel. Upon this was fitted the superior hair mattress given to Gertrude by her mother at our marriage. Thereupon was lifted the superb bed composed of the downy plumes plucked by my grandmother's own loving hands from her magnificent birds; and to avoid the heat of the feathers, I had caused to be placed above them a light, soft, delicate mattress, made expressly to order, thus crowning all with a perfection not easily to be attained. I have no hesitation in saying that no crowned prince slept upon a better or as good a bed as I did for fifteen years. You have noticed, perhaps, that I never passed a night away from home. The fact was that I was spoiled for any ordinary sleeping arrangements. My own sumptuous combination so soothed and comforted me that of late years I had longed to reach my haven of rest, and sink away to pleasant dreams.

"You can fancy the nature of the article my wife bought to replace all this luxury of ease when I tell you that the abominable box would admit of only a single mattress purposely contrived of so thin and sleazy a material that it could easily be compressed into the very vacuity of space when the machine was closed. Think of it, Bob! When I was getting old, and business and domestic cares were multiplying about me, at the close of the weary day I was invited to repose upon this article of torture! A net-work of wire pressed upon my whole anatomy; my neck was almost dislocated; I was in constant agony lest the thing would double up, and reduce our bodies to shapeless pulp. Not only these, but the infernal mechanism was contrived in such a way that the swinging glass and the shelf filled with gimcracks of hideous variety remained suspended over me during the night to haunt my unhappy dreams. I will not detain you longer; I will not endeavor to palliate my own delinquencies. Driven to desperation by business and domestic troubles, I have of late been the victim of great nervous debility, and the uninviting nature of the bed I have slept upon has not induced me to seek it very early. Last night, or rather in the early morning, I reached home in an exceedingly shaken condition of mind and body. The light burned low in our bed-chamber, but as I took off my right boot I distinctly saw the porcelain dragon on the left-hand corner of the ebony shelf wink at me with his demoniacal eye. I looked again, and to my horror discovered that the Indian snake-charmer in terra-cotta on the right-hand corner of the ebony shelf, suddenly endowed with life, was dangling his reptiles within an inch of my wife's unconscious nose. I strove in vain to persuade myself that I was suffering under a delusion; I even crept into the accursed box; but the moment my head touched the pillow I saw in the mirror above me not only dozens of dragons winking with countless eyes, a hundred snake-charmers dallying with thousands of serpents, but my own face transformed into that of a monster, so wild and swollen and distraught with agony that I sprang from the bed in terror. Driven to madness, I dashed my fist in the mirror; I flung the porcelain gimcracks one after the other upon the marble hearth, and not until every one of the demons had been demolished, and my wife sat up in the bed, paralyzed with fear and dumb with dismay, did I realize the horror of the situation. I broke out in a cold sweat, my teeth chattered in my head, and I sank to the floor insensible.

"When I awoke to consciousness I found that my household gods had been shattered with those of the black box. It is useless to enter further into the details of our domestic misfortunes. My wife and I have resolved to separate. It is all over. Don't, Bob, don't try to patch up an irreparable breach. Let us alone, for God's sake!"

"But, my dear Jack," I exclaimed, "your rights must be protected. You are entitled to the custody of your share of the children. In a case of this kind the boys generally go with the father."

He broke into a discordant laugh. "Do you think," he said, "I am a fit custodian for children? Our last little ones are twins—a boy and a girl: would you counsel me to endeavor to tear them asunder? Solomon has settled that long ago. No, my friend, I will go forth, like Cain, desolate and alone."

He strode to the door, and went out into the bleak wintry night. There was something so pitiable and hopeless in his whole demeanor that I snatched up my great-coat and followed him. A sweeping wind blew straight from the east. It was all I could do to keep up with the footsteps of my friend. As we ascended the hill a vaporous light appeared upon the horizon, which soon resolved itself into a substantial column of smoke in the direction of the buildings Jack had lately erected.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Jack, breaking into a run, "it is the paints and oils! The shop is on fire!"

When we reached the scene of peril the shop was already a combustible mass of blazing timber. Flames were bursting from the lower portion of the house, into which Jack plunged with the recklessness of a madman. No sooner had he disappeared within this deadly holocaust than the staircase fell to ruins. A cry of horror burst from the villagers, now gathered together. My own tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, my heart stopped beating, for I thought all within the building were doomed. Suddenly Jack appeared at one of the upper windows with the ponderous bed of his grandmother upon his shoulder. With one blow of his fist he shivered the sash, then threw out the bed upon the smoking grass. Then he disappeared, but was immediately seen again with his wife in his arms. He threw her out upon the feather-bed below, and after her the two elder children. No sooner were they caught up and carried to a place of safety by the now aroused villagers than a shout rang out upon the frosty air, for Jack now appeared at the yawning furnace with a twin upon each arm. Leaping upon the feather-bed, the blazing ruin fell behind him, and crashed together with a hiss and a roar that was terrible to hear.

Jack arose from the feather-bed, where his twin babies still clung together, and hauled his treasures away out of the burning heat. His hair was singed from his head, his hands were blistered to the bone, blood poured from the gash in his wrist, his clothing hung in shreds from his body. Pointing to the bed of his grandmother, he cried, exultantly: "It has done good service, Bob. It is all, alas! now that I own in the world."

But his wife's arms clung about his neck, his children sobbed at his knees. He caught them to his heart, and, locked in a close embrace, they lifted their eyes in mute thanksgiving. Half naked, bruised, bleeding, and burned, all their worldly goods flung to the four winds of heaven, they were happier than they had been for many a day.

I got a village cart and took them all to my own home, where Sophy received them with open arms. But the most wonderful part of my story is yet to tell. The winter months had fled along and spring was at hand before Jack was able to go out into the sunlight with his singed eyes. A green shade yet covered them, and he was weak and worn with all that he had suffered. But the indomitable spirit of his wife was yet unbroken. She had resolved one day to make over and renovate the one possession left them, the feather-bed of Jack's grandmother. The covering was to be cleaned, and the feathers spread to the soft, warm, fragrant air of early spring. Jack and I sat upon the porch. The children played in the flowery road-side. Some little birds in a nest in the eaves above us were clamoring for food. The mother bird flew swiftly down with a worm in her beak.

"How shall my little ones be fed?" said Jack, with a heavy sigh.

I was planning how to speak of the check he had given me long ago, and the interest accruing from it all this while, and all else that I could gather together to offer to my old friend, when a loud cry arose from the group on the grass busy with the feather-bed. Jack's wife came running with a parcel in her hand that she had found, she said, in the heart of the feathers. They were government bonds—twenty of them—hidden by his dear, queer old grandmother in this remarkable feather-bed; and in this miraculous way it was given to my old friend to begin the world again.

ROCKY CAÑON.

One of the most picturesque scenes on the Montana Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad is Rocky Cañon, of which we give an illustration on page 384. It is near the Bozeman Tunnel, where the road crosses the Belt Range, and from which it descends with easy curves, and with but a small amount of rock excavation on the steep hill-sides. The creek, which during the summer months flows quietly through the cañon, becomes a torrent in the time of freshets; but the road is well defended against damage from this source.

SOME RESULTS OF THE HORSE SHOW.

The horse show at the Madison Square Garden, which came to a close last Saturday, was not, as we understand, a financial success. There was a small deficit, of which the projectors do not, however, complain. The association under the auspices of which the show was held was not formed for the purpose of money-making. Its object is to improve the breed of horses in this country, and as the two shows so far held have awakened much interest in this subject, the promoters are willing to bridge over the small and in no way very discouraging deficits so far accruing. There is still plenty of room for improvement in our breeds of horses. Though American horses have won important victories on the English turf, American horses are not, as a whole, as finely fitted to their various duties as their English brethren. The English have, for cross-country riding, horses which combine great strength and great staying powers with great speed.

We had a fine example of what may be called one of these racing hunters at the horse show just closed. He stepped out upon the tan during the first hour of the exhibition with the proud step of an aristocrat. "Nature's nobleman," some one called him as he went by. He was the famous English stallion Stylites, and had come forth to be judged with the others of his class—Thorough-bred Stallions, Class I. The judges for this class were J. G. K. Lawrence, J. H. Bradford, and Colonel S. D. Bruce. Of course Stylites carried off the prize, and the verdict of the judges certainly corresponded with the popular verdict. Stylites comes of noble stock. He is a son of Hermit, and the only son of that distinguished recluse ever seen in this country. He boasts also the blood of Coimbra. He is superbly built about the powerful hips, shoulders, and quarters; his limbs are shapely, his neck beautifully arched, and the fire of intelligence lights up his eyes. He was only three days off the ship, and yet there was an irresistible burst of applause when he strode over the tan. Stylites is the property of the Earl of Aylesford, is eight years old, and stands sixteen hands "in his shoes." He was not bred by his owner, but was bought by him as a yearling for ten thousand dollars. He is a splendid cross-country hunter, and has, besides, shown up in front in many a flat race. He was once entered for the Steward's Cup, and backed for it by his owner to the extent of three hundred and seventy thousand dollars; but he was defeated.

Another prize-winner, and in the one department in which our horses are unquestionably supreme—the trotting class—that sturdy old veteran Volunteer attracted great attention. He is the father of St. Julien and five horses with a record under 2.20. This was his "first public appearance" since 1871. He took first prize in his class, and his son Kearsarge took second prize in the same class. Volunteer evidently means to keep as many honors as possible in the family.

Among the T cart competitors were some who were matched in name as well as in other respects, for instance, Satan and Ebony, Tom and Jerry, Merry Maid and Gay Lad.

Our illustrations on page 384 show, besides the English stallion, the prize pony Dickie, the fine Norman Marquis, and the head of Brown Dick, who took the prize for ponies in harness.

THE HON. JOHN B. HENDERSON.

A native of Virginia, where he was born in 1826, Mr. Henderson has lived since his tenth year in Missouri. He is a lawyer by profession, has taken a strong interest in State and national politics, and has served two terms in the State Legislature. On the expulsion of Trusten Polk from the United States Senate, Mr. Henderson was appointed to fill the vacancy, and in 1863 he was elected for the full term ending in 1869. He was appointed in 1875 to assist the District Attorney at St. Louis in prosecuting certain men on a charge of conspiring to defraud the government, but was soon dismissed from that position for reflecting in severe language on the President. On the organization of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, he was chosen its Permanent Chairman.

THE HON. JOHN R. LYNCH.

Born a slave in Concordia Parish, Louisiana, in 1847, and remaining in servitude until freed by the Proclamation of Emancipation, John R. Lynch furnishes by his subsequent career an encouraging example to his race. By hard study he acquired a good English education at Natchez, Mississippi, and went into business there as a photographer. In 1869 he was appointed a Justice of the Peace. The following year he was elected to the State Legislature, and was re-elected. During his second term he served as Speaker of the House. Mr. Lynch served two terms in Congress, and was placed on several important committees. He was chosen Temporary Chairman of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, over the Hon. Powell Clayton, and presided with tact and dignity. His portrait is given on page 385.

THE DRAGOMAN.

The word "dragoman" is simply the corruption of the Eastern word Targaman, or Targoman, "an interpreter," and simply means one who translates one language into another. But the traveller's dragoman, of whom we speak, is much more than this. Not only does he supply the traveller's lack of language, but he puts the knowledge and experience of a native at the service of his employer, who, as a rule, is little acquainted with the country through which he is to travel. Given a free supply of money, and the traveller may be met on the deck of a steamer in some port in the Levant, and without his possession of a word of the language, or the need to trouble himself about arrangements for the journey, may be carried in safety and comfort over the East, till he is again set on the deck of a homeward-bound vessel; and all this by the personal superintendence of the dragoman. One who can be the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of travellers of all ranks and conditions, and can act to them as the "minister and interpreter" of an outside world so different from that in which they are accustomed to move, must be a man of no ordinary ability; and, seeing that his patrons are, on the whole, satisfied with his services, he is fairly entitled to be regarded as a benefactor. Moreover, it is scarcely necessary to observe that not only the personal comfort of the traveller, but even his views of men and things, his theories and opinions of all he sees, his letters to his friends at home, the accounts he gives in his book, and through it the opinions of admiring readers, are all influenced by the character and ability of the dragoman, who is ever at the traveller's elbow as the medium to him of the outside world. Such a personage is, on every account, well worthy of study.

The dragoman, like the lion, "is a native both of Asia and Africa." The African species is generally an Egyptian by birth and a Muslim in creed, and is darker in color and wilder in mien than his Asiatic brother, who is, for the most part, a Syrian Christian. The traveller generally makes his acquaintance at the hotel in Alexandria, Jaffa, or Jerusalem, from which he intends to start on his Eastern tour. He may readily be distinguished from "the rest of the lions" that congregate there by his flowing head-dress, riding boots, pistols in the girdle, quick eye and ready tongue, and general air of importance. This is the dragoman in his stage of final development, and ready for action. But, like all great men, he has carved out his own path to greatness, and no two individuals of the class have passed through exactly the same training.

One most important detail in the arrangements is the providing of a good cook, and nowhere is the dragoman's genius better displayed than in the care with which this point is attended to. It is not to be expected that a large number of first-rate cooks should be waiting for employment at this season of the year; but the magic touch of the dragoman's gold can do wonders. Some respectable family has a good cook who has given his employers satisfaction. This person comes one fine morning to his master or mistress with a very long face to say that he has just heard of the sudden illness or death of a near relative in the country, and his presence is absolutely necessary for a few days in his father's house. He can, however, recommend a young cousin of his own to fill his place in his absence. So he gets leave for a week, before the expiry of which it turns out that he has gone off as a cook to a travelling party at a very handsome rate of wages. A fellow so very clever as that may one day be a dragoman himself.

Away goes the party—the mules with their tinkling bells and unshapely loads, the horses at a brisk canter, the travellers held together by mutual interest, and soon feeling a family attachment to one another as individual characteristics emerge in the adventures by day and alarms by night which are incident to the wandering life. But the greatest of these is the dragoman. His word is law to all; he is appealed to on every subject; he is ready with explanations and excuses to his party, and with abuse to his servants and to the villagers who crowd around the tents with their wares. It is no wonder if the possession of so much power makes him at times conceited.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A week before the recent hanging of a murderer in California his arm was fractured in an effort to escape. His death made an opportunity for observing the stage reached at the end of a week in nature's process of mending a bone. It was found, a writer says, "that the initial process of healing had begun, and that this was effected by the organization of the blood which was poured out around the fracture at the time of the injury, holding the bones in place.

The Washington Monument has served to demonstrate that cats are better practical jumpers than rats. A pussy that recently found her way to the top of the shaft was so frightened by her surroundings that she gave a leap into space. It was a 430-feet jump, but she landed on the ground alive. Several rats have been frightened by the workmen into leaping off, but none has ever survived the descent.

The story of the strange perplexity of a young woman of Boston is told by a newspaper of that city. She has almost made up her mind to accept the hand of a suitor, but she has never seen him by daylight, and she hesitates. She has met him at parties and received him at her home, but always by gas-light. When the severity of the east wind has been mitigated by the July sun, they will meet at high noon and in the open air at Mount Desert, and his fate will be decided.

Bonnets covered with steel scales are said to be especially effective under gas-light or in the sun, and it is believed that, properly rodded, they would be fairly safe in a thunder-storm.

A student of Chinese business mottoes says that *Van Li* means "profit a thousandfold." Then it wouldn't be a bad motto for a Melican drug-store.

When ladies at the horse show go to the extreme of kissing the horses that they most admire, there can be no question as to the sincerity of their admiration. This method of bestowing volumes of praise without words was not uncommon at the recent show at Madison Square Garden. The usual spot of imprinting the kiss was on the side of the glossy arched neck, though some of the creatures which gave evidences of gentleness were rewarded with kisses on their velvety noses. The women who were thus enthusiastic did not look like silly creatures at all, but seemed to be full of the health and spirit that might come of frequent canters over the fields on the back of a mettlesome steed.

The Maori king produced a very favorable impression when he arrived in England recently. Just before his departure from New Zealand the missionary men of his realm induced him to sign a pledge to abstain from the use of fire-water as a beverage, and decorated him with the blue ribbon of abstinence. The telegraph conveyed to England the fear that upon his arrival it would be found that the king and his azure emblem had parted somewhere at sea; but he stepped ashore with the insignia of his cold-water resolve conspicuously displayed on his royal front, and his general appearance told even more than the ribbon conveyed. He will ask the British government to place him in a position to better protect the territory of his people against the encroachments of the land-grabbing white men.

Asparagus breakfasts and luncheons are in vogue again, after a lapse of many years. It is fashionable to make up parties and drive to Long Island or New Jersey for these repasts. The asparagus is sent on ahead.

A juror who was engaged in a murder trial in Alabama became insane, and was sent to an asylum. This incident shows the wisdom of the usual course of selecting as jurymen individuals in whom mental disease can not find a place to take hold.

Reclining upon the costly upholstery of palace cars, provided with all the facilities for fortifying the system against the inroads of the heat, soothed and refreshed at intervals by the skilled braying of a brass band—that is the way a club of colored citizens went from Philadelphia to attend the Chicago Convention.

According to a physician, sudden fright is a cure for seasickness. The difficulty is to procure that medicine; for a person who is right down seasick doesn't care a continental whether the old ship sinks or not.

A Moscow journal says that the Mollahs are preaching the assassination of Christians. They are not an Eastern branch of the Mollie Maguires, as their name and preaching might seem to indicate.

Now that the Republican National Convention is over, the country will take a languid interest in seeing the Democratic party gather its energies for a blunder worthy of itself.

On a recent Sunday evening the pastor of a Methodist Church in Westchester County was to have preached on "Go-as-you-please." A fire broke out in the church, and the congregation elucidated the text better than the preacher could have done, even at his very best.

It is hoped that one of the results of the big fair in New Orleans will be the permanent establishment of the cent piece as a current coin in that city. At present the "nickel" is the smallest coin in circulation there.

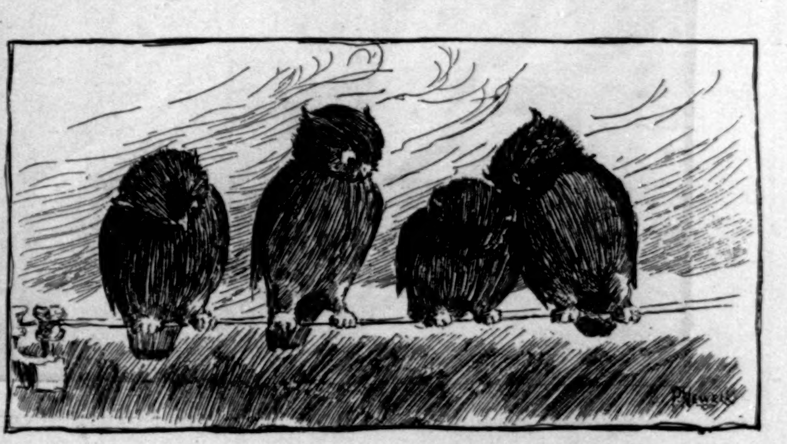
One of the foremost students in the graduating class at Harvard entered the university as a waiter in the dining hall. He is graduated among the first seven of his class. He was born in Virginia, and is a negro.

In France the car of a captive balloon, containing twenty persons who had ascended to a considerable height to overlook a race-course, was upset, and three of the occupants were killed, while all the others were severely injured. After all, the ordinary tree-top is a much safer place than any new-fangled ideas are likely to furnish from which to enjoy a horse-race.

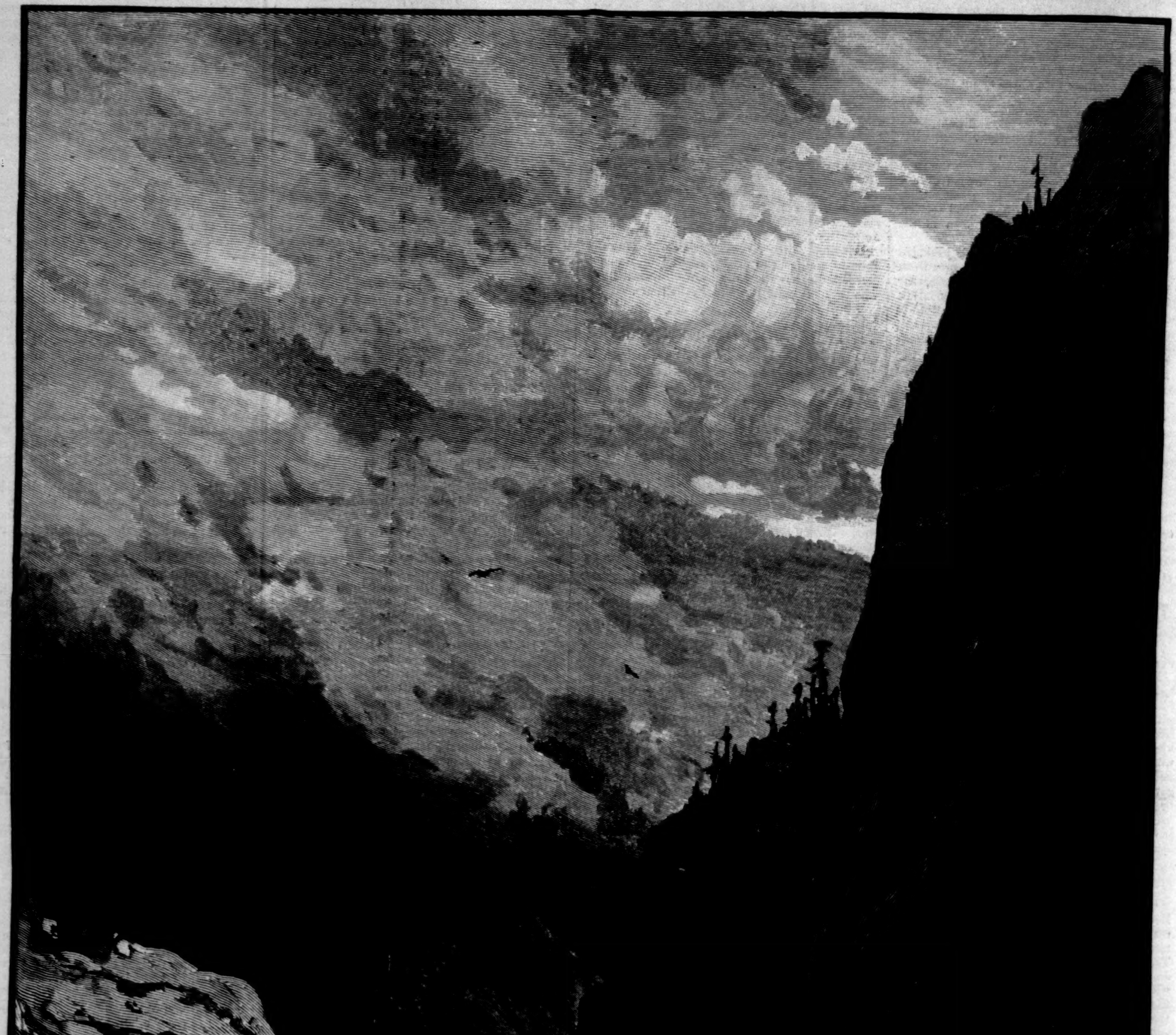
It has been ascertained that the old-time Democrats of Massachusetts are for Tilden. This is progress: they were quite recently for Andrew Jackson.

It is believed that the number of European tourists in the United States this summer will be far greater than in any previous season. This is as it should be. There are many wonderful things to be seen here; Europeans are industrious observers; and when they meet American travellers in the Old World they will be able to tell our countrymen a great deal about this interesting land.

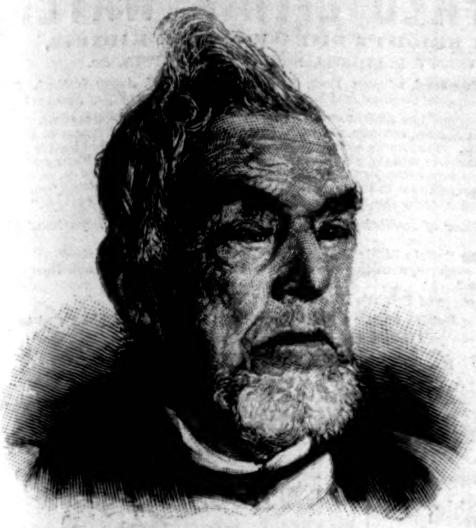
A noteworthy event was the recent visit of the Old Guard to Boston to assist the Ancient and Honorable Artillery in celebrating an important anniversary of the latter organization's beginning. Like the Old Guard, the Ancients and Honorables—sometimes furtively called by flippant and irreverent persons the Antiques and Horribles—are not sticklers for precision in drill and rigidity in discipline, but from a peaceable and financial point of view their solidity and importance are manifest. Either of these old and honored bodies is well met when it falls in with the other.



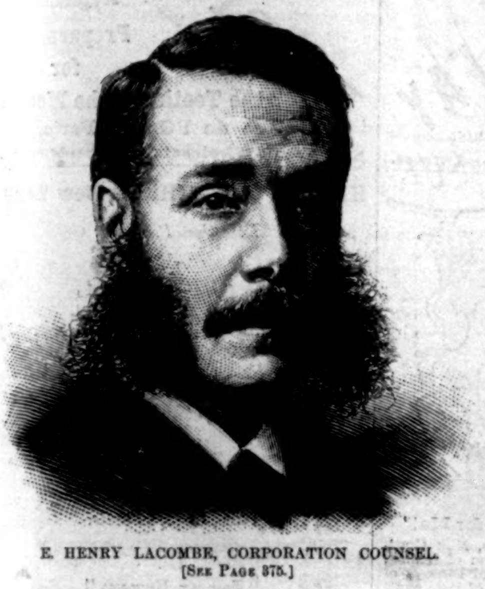
LISTENING FOR NEWS FROM CHICAGO.



ROCKY CAÑON, NEAR THE BOZEMAN TUNNEL, MONTANA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 383.]



THE LATE BISHOP SMITH.—PHOTO. BY ROCKWOOD.

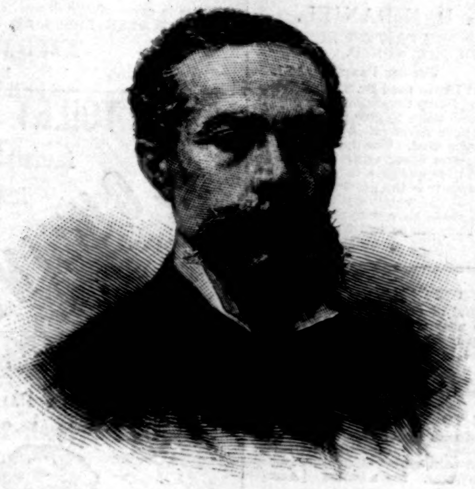


E. HENRY LACOMBE, CORPORATION COUNSEL.
[SEE PAGE 375.]

THE LATE BISHOP SMITH.

THE Right Rev. BENJAMIN BOSWORTH SMITH, D.D., LL.D., presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, died in this city on the 31st of May at the good old age of ninety years lacking two weeks. His mental and bodily powers were well preserved until within a short time of his death.

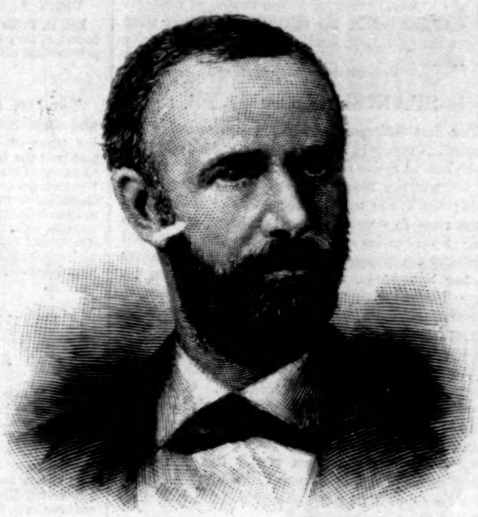
He was born June 13, 1794, in Bristol, Rhode Island, and at an early age became so much interested in Church work that he determined to enter the ministry. After going through the usual preparatory course of study, he entered Providence College, now Brown University, from which he was graduated in 1816. In the following year he was ordained a deacon in his own city, and in 1818 was made a priest. After having charge of several parishes, he became in 1832 the first Bishop of Kentucky.



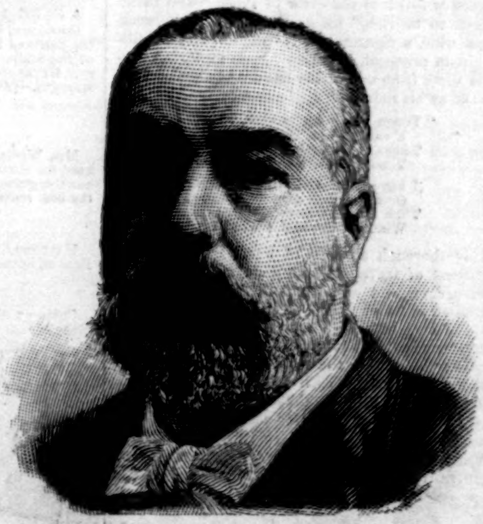
THE HON. JOHN R. LYNCH.—PHOTO. BY BELL.—[SEE PAGE 383.]

The field was one of arduous labor, owing to the fact that there were no facilities for travel in the wild and sparsely settled country comprising his diocese. He was appointed State Superintendent of Education, and vigorously urged the cause of common schools. Throughout the war of the rebellion he was a Unionist of the most emphatic kind, and although not an Abolitionist, was nevertheless a firm friend of the colored people in his State, and used his best endeavors to further their moral and intellectual interests.

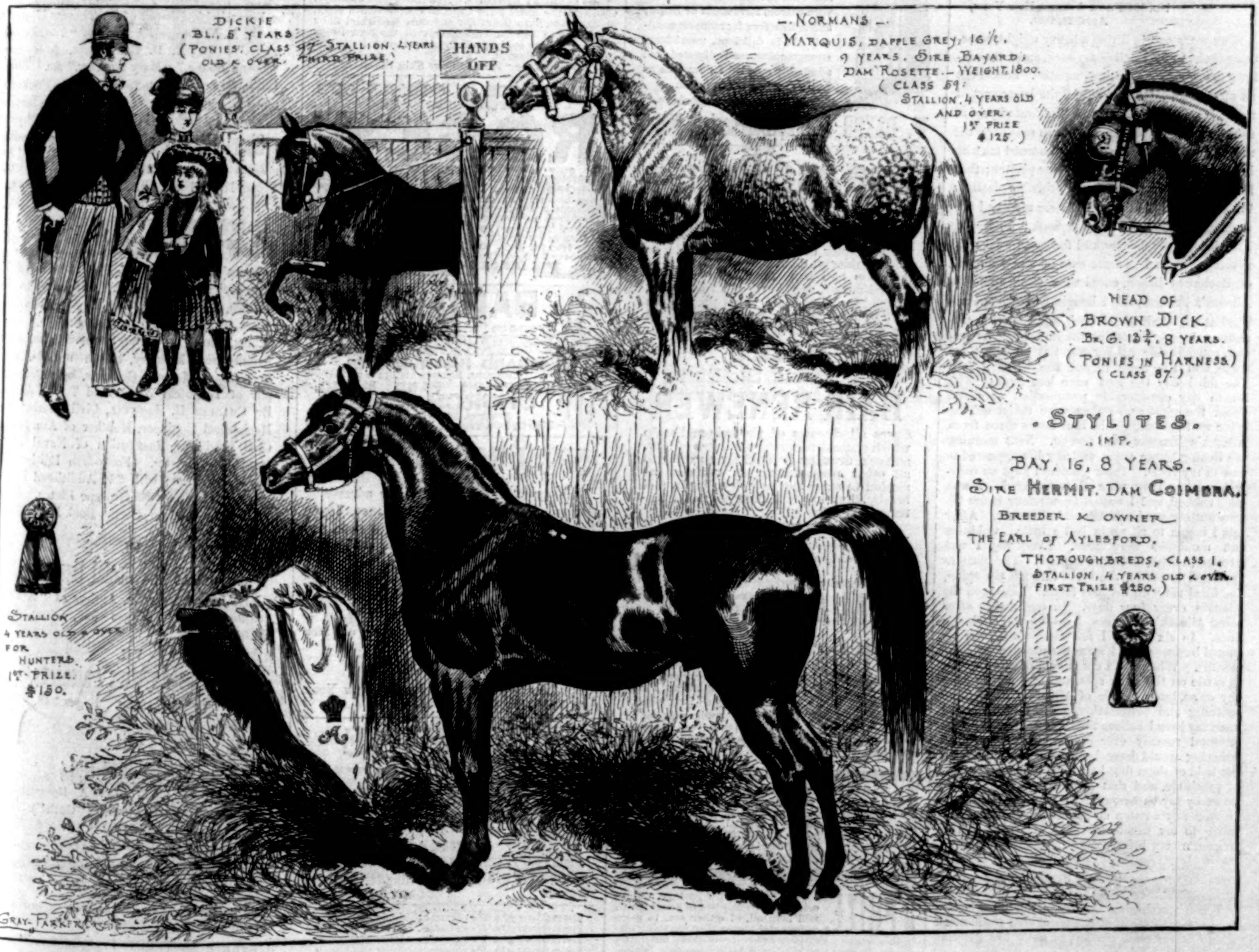
On the death of Bishop HOPKINS, Bishop SMITH succeeded to the position of presiding Bishop of the Church in this country. An assistant having been elected for the Diocese of Kentucky, Bishop SMITH took up his residence in this city. Early in the summer of 1882 measures were taken for the observance of the semi-centennial anniversary of his ordination to the episcopacy, and the commemorative service was held in St. Paul's Chapel on Octo-



THE HON. J. B. HENDERSON.—PHOTO. BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 383.]



THE HON. J. B. EUSTIS.—PHOTO. BY LILIENTHAL.
[SEE PAGE 375.]



DICKIE
BL., 5 YEARS
(PONIES. CLASS 97 STALLION, 4 YEARS OLD & OVER. THIRD PRIZE.)
HANDS OFF
—.NORMANS.—
MARQUIS, DAPPLE GREY, 16½.
9 YEARS. SIRE BAYARD; DAM ROSETTE.—WEIGHT 1800.
(CLASS 59:
STALLION, 4 YEARS OLD AND OVER.
1ST PRIZE $125.)
HEAD OF BROWN DICK
BR. G. 13¾. 8 YEARS.
(PONIES IN HARNESS)
(CLASS 87.)
STYLITES.
IMP.
BAY, 16, 8 YEARS.
SIRE HERMIT. DAM COIMBRA.
BREEDER & OWNER—
THE EARL OF AYLESFORD.
(THOROUGHBREDS, CLASS 1.
STALLION, 4 YEARS OLD & OVER.
FIRST PRIZE $250.)
STALLION
4 YEARS OLD & OVER
FOR HUNTERS
1ST PRIZE
$150.
GRAY-PARKER

SKETCHES AT THE HORSE SHOW.—DRAWN BY GRAY-PARKER.—[SEE PAGE 383.]

ber 31. Bishop SMITH'S last public appearance was at a special meeting of the House of Bishops a few weeks before his death. From that time he gradually failed, until he entered peacefully into rest.

SPANISH RAILWAYS.

THE first difference one notices in crossing the Spanish frontier is in the railway speed, which is much less in Spain than in France. Sixteen miles an hour is the maximum speed of an ordinary train; ten is the usual rate; but the Madrid express runs in some places, I believe, at no less than twenty miles an hour. At first we attributed this slow travelling to the general indolent habits of the Spaniards, but we have since been informed that railway speed is restricted by law, to prevent accidents, which might easily happen by the starting of rails exposed to the full heat of the sun on sandy plains. Spanish trains halt at an incredible number of stations, and never for less than several minutes. One is not in much danger of being left behind, for when time is nearly up a whistle is sounded, next a bell rings, then a porter stalks the platform calling out, "Señores viajeros en tren," the last word being drawled out in a manner inimitable except by a Scotchman; then another whistle is sounded, and the train crawls off.

A Spaniard is never in a hurry. His two favorite words are "mañana" (to-morrow) and "paciencia." Whatever his faults may be, he will scarcely fall into the error of those "who make haste to be rich," for as long as he has bread and wine, a cigarette in his mouth, and a bull-fight in prospect, he cares for no more. A single verse from one of his national ballads might serve as his mundane confession of faith:

"Tengo pan y tengo vino,
  Y sardinas en la mar;
Tengo la mujer bonita,
  Y no quiero trabajar."

(I have bread and wine in plenty,
  Ocean keeps sardines in store;
Then I have a bonnie wifie:
  Wherefore should I work for more?)

This thorough absence of hurry is one of the charms of travelling in Spain. One seems to have come, not only to another country, but to another order of things, in which time and space are of very little account. As far as the tourist is concerned, this is very pleasant, for from the railway he can see the country through which he passes quite as well as if driving, and he has the consolation of thinking that he will in time arrive safely at his destination, for accidents are almost unknown in Spain. Besides this, the food and wine provided by the railway restaurants are generally excellent.

REMARKABLE CURE OF SPRAINED BACK AND WEAK SPINE.

No. 185 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK,
April 24, 1884.

SOME years ago, in lifting a heavy weight, something broke in the small of my back, and I was confined to my bed for over three months. I could not sit up without intense pain, and the lower part of my body was cold and numb. The first physician used liniments, capsicum, and much rubbing; the second tried electricity; the third burned me with hot iron; the fourth tried a capcine plaster; then in succession capcicin and strengthening plasters; but all in vain. At the end of three months I was no better; I could not sit up or walk. In despair I discharged my doctors and for some weeks did nothing. Then I saw the case of Mrs. Hammel, of Rockaway Beach, cured of a weak spine by Allcock's Plasters, and I bought three; one I applied at the small of the back, and the other two above. I noticed nothing the first day; the second, considerable itching was felt all along the spine, and the more itching the better I felt. The third day the legs were less numb. The fourth day considerable perspiration appeared under the plasters, so they were taken off, the spine well rubbed, and in four hours three fresh Allcock's Plasters were put on. Next morning the itching began again, and new life appeared to flow in my veins. These plasters I kept on nearly a week. They were then removed. I was well rubbed, and I waited twenty-four hours before putting on fresh Allcock's Plasters. After this I began to sit up in bed a little. Coldness and numbness were gone. Every day I was stronger, better, and more hopeful. The plasters appeared to act on the brain through the spine, and filled me with nervous force. I changed the plasters every four days. In one month after using Allcock's Plasters I got up and walked a little. In six weeks I felt almost well, and resumed business, but I wore the plasters for some months. Whenever I catch cold now it appears to settle on the weak spot, and lays me up for a day or so, but a couple of Allcock's Plasters, so soothing and penetrating, quickly cure me. I must say here I believe these plasters are the best external remedy ever discovered. How much suffering would have been saved if I had only got hold of them first! I have told my story out of gratitude, and that suffering humanity may profit by my experience. I shall be happy to answer any written or personal inquiries in relation to my wonderful cure, of which I have written a very brief outline.

HENRY KING,
Manager Seaside Sanitarium.

When purchasing Allcock's Porous Plasters do not fail to see that the registered trade-mark stamp is on each plaster, as none are genuine without it.—[*Adv.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

VERY SATISFACTORY IN PROSTRATION.

DR. P. P. GILMARTIN, Detroit, Mich., says: "I have found it very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."—[*Adv.*]

THE best evidence in the world of the purity and excellence of Blackwell's Durham Long Cut for pipe or cigarette smoking is found in the fact that the fame of this tobacco increases from year to year. This could not be the case if it were merely "gotten up to sell," or had any dubious or dangerous ingredients in it. Among millions of users of all nationalities surely some one would find out if it were impure, injurious, or unpalatable. But no, the Durham Bull brand gets more popular, the demand for it wider, and smokers more enthusiastic over its delicious natural flavor.—[*Adv.*]

FROM COL. D. McDANIEL,

OWNER OF SOME OF THE FASTEST RUNNING HORSES IN THE WORLD.

JEROME PARK, *June* 21.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment and Derby Condition Powders on my race-horses, and found them to give perfect satisfaction. In fact, they have never failed to cure any ailment for which they are used. The liniment, when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes the hair off; it has more penetrative qualities than any other I have tried, which I suppose is the great secret of its success in curing sprains. The ingredients from which the Derby Powders are made have been made known to me by Dr. Tobias. They are perfectly harmless.
—[*Adv.*] D. McDANIEL.

A PURE AND EFFECTIVE HAIR DRESSING.

COCOAINE, a compound of Cocoanut Oil, beautifies the hair and is sure to allay all itching and irritation of the scalp. The superiority of BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS consists in their perfect purity and strength.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

HALFORD SAUCE is invaluable for soups, hashes, &c. Halford Sauce blends admirably with all gravies.—[*Adv.*]

CHEAPER than staying at home. A journey to Europe with Dr. Tourjee's Excursion Party.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
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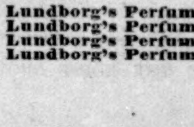

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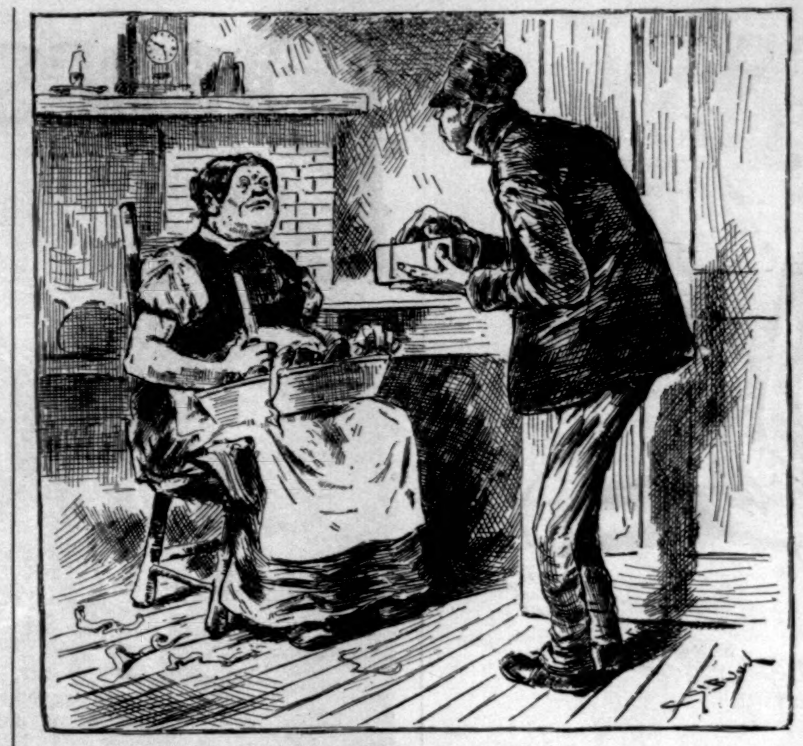

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